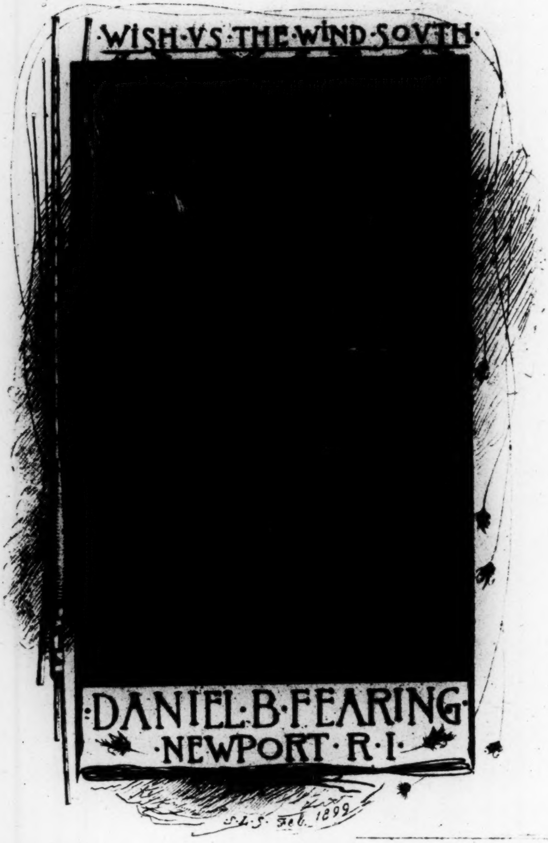
·WISH·VS·THE·WIND·SOVTH·
·DANIEL·B·FEARING·
·NEWPORT·R·I·
S.L.S. Feb. 1899

Do Not Photograph
Microfilm on File
Photocopy on File
No. ....
Order No. 71-3683


·WISH·VS·THE·WIND·SOVTH·
·DANIEL·B·FEARING·
·NEWPORT·R·I·
S.L.S. Feb. 1899

Do Not Photograph
Microfilm on File
Photocopy on File
No. ....
Order No. 71-3683

3..6/

This is merely ed. 1656 – with a new title.

(c. & p.)

"Song against fishing"
Pp. 53-54
R.B.F.

Men-Miracles.

WITH OTHER

POEMS,

On ſeveral SUBJECTS.

By

M. LLuellin Student *of* Ch. Ch. *in* Oxon.

LONDON,

Printed, and are to be ſold by *Peter Parker*, at the *Leg* and *Star* in *Cornhil*, againſt the *Royal Exchange*, 1679.

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
GIFT OF
DANIEL B. FEARING
30 JUNE 1915

Jn: Verney

To my Ingenious Friend Captain *L L.*

Friend, ſince thy Armed Thoughts hit thoſe
Whoſe *Lungs* are *Blaſphemy* and *Proſe*;
Such Darts the *Hebrew Poet* threw
When *Hell* had garriſon'd a *Jew*:
Thine's the ſame *Charme*; but the *Cure's* harder, when
Men *poſſeſſe* Devils, then when Devils men.

Thy Work's Complexion's full refin'd,
A quick clear Brain, an honeſt Mind,
Not Wild, yet Strong; Powerfull not Fierce;
Full, yet not Stufft; a ſelf-weigh'd verſe;
Thy Thoughts nor *throng'd*, nor *routed*, but *diſplai'd*,
Each piece *congeniall*; yet both *born* and *made*.

But Rimes are fatall, unleſſe courſe,
Like *Directories* to *do worſe*:
Verſe is but *words in Tune*, yet th'*Houſe*
Wave *Davids* Pſalmes, and chooſe *Frank Rouſe*:
Thus we climbe *downwards*, and advance as much
As He that turn'd *Donn's Poems* into *Dutch*.

No Fuſtian's here, All's pure and fit,
Not each where *mirth*, yet alwayes *wit*,
Strong, Sweet, like our *Triumviri*,
(*Maſters, Diggs, Cartwright*) Extaſy!
They would have ſprung *New* Mines, ſav'd th'Old, if ſtaid,
As now *they* fill that Breach *falne Angels* made,

One great *MAN-MIRACLE* you omit,
A (Monſter *Presbyterian Wit*!
Who ſwells, not riſes, Bigge, not High,
When the poore *ſenſe* lies gaſping by:
Times once at beſt, mend not, and ſeldome ſtand,
Tis thus, when Women preach, and Slaves command.

J. B.

To the Author.

Prethee no ſtay ! while you adjourn we looſe
What you *demurre* upon, and what you *chooſe* :
Does not the ſhade (bright ſhadow of *Cartwright* know)
What fruit we miſſe 'cauſe he would have it grow ?
That *ſigh'd for Genius* once again we ſee
Up from the duſt, live and put forth in thee ;
Well ſet and active, caſt's a comely ſight,
Dancing a round, as when in charge, or fight :
Skill'd where to *looſen* fancy where to *binde*,
Clear in the *Meeter*, clearer in the *mind*.
Each piece is *clean* and *briske*, no *lime*, or *gall*,
No daſh in drawing, *Sulphur* none at all :
Find me out here one wilde, one borrowed cluſter,
Though ſome are taught to write, as others *muſter* ;
Quilt on ill *Pariſht* ends, *ſhred* after *ſhred* ;
All's fine and even here, cauſe *home-ſpun thred*.
The richneſſe of the web is, no line wrought
And ſtretch'd, but *humour* all, and *Stream of thought*.
Could we but leave thee to thy ſelf, and peace ?
How would thy numbers *fill*, theſe ſheets *increaſe* ?
But brutiſh pow'rs do rage all that is dark
Joynes 'gainſt the ray of reaſon in the *Ark*,
Put on thy other fury, try to wear
Head-piece more Rough, come forth in *Steel* and *Spear*,
That as th'aſt taken *Pen*, and *Sword* unſheath'd
When *Mars* with *Hermes* have thy Lawrell wreath'd,
Work for *Apelles* then, or who elſe can
Give us to life the *Scholar Souldier*, *Man*.

J. C.

To

To the Author.

IF ever I believ'd *Pythagoras*,
(My deareſt friend) even now it was.
While the groſſe Bodies of the *Poets* die,
Their Soules do onely ſhift. And *Poeſie*
Tranſmigrates, not by chance, or luck, for ſo
Great *Virgils* ſoule into a *gooſe* might go,
But that is ſtill the labour of *Joves* braine,
And he divinely doth conveigh that vein:
So *Chaucers* learned ſoule in *Spencer* ſung,
(*Edmund* the quainteſt of the Fairy throng.)
And when that doubled Spirit quitted place,
It fill'd up *Ben*: and there it gained grace.
But this improved thing hath hover'd much,
And oft hath ſtoopt, and onely given a touch:
Not *reſted* untill *now*, *Randall* it bruſh'd,
And with the fulneſſe of its weight it cruſh'd.
It did thy *Cartwright* kiſſe, and *Maſters* court,
Whoſe ſoules were both transfuſed in the ſport.
Now more accompliſh'd by thoſe verſe recruits,
It wooes thee (friend) with innocent ſalutes.
No *Semeleian* hugge ſuſpect: do thou
Vent as thy veſſel fills, as thou doſt now.
Burſt forth in ſparkles, either write, or ſpeak,
And thou art ſafe, That thou be not *broke*, *break*.

E. G.

To

To the Author on his Poems.

A Poets then exact in every part
That is born one from *Nature*, nurſt by *Art*.
Whoſe happy mixture both of *skill* and *fate*,
Makes the moſt ſuddain thought *Elaborate*.
Whoſe eaſie ſtraines a flowing ſenſe does fit,
Unforc't expreſſion, and *unraviſht* wit.
Words fill'd with *equall* ſubject ſuch as brings
To *choſen* Language *high*, and *choſen* things.
Harſh reaſon *clear* as Day, as *ſmooth* as *ſleep*,
Glide here like Rivers, even *ſtill* though deep.
Diſcords growes *Muſick*, *grief* it ſelf *delight*.
Horror when he deſcribes, leaves off t' affright.
Sullen Philoſophy does learn to goe
In *lighteſt* dreſſings, and *become* them too.
And if a Muſe like this may hope to find
A wellcom'd entertainment in the mind,
This work will pleaſe, but they whoſe *height* and *Gage*,
Of wit; are the ſmall Poets of the Age.
Thoſe wretched ſoules, whoſe *Cold* and *Hunger* writes,
That in their *Inke-hornes* weare their *Appetites*.
Whoſe labours ſtill *ride Poſt*, and for their Toile,
Receive the *Hackney hire*, *a groat a mile*.
This book's not ſent to theſe, nor yet to ſuch
That deſpiſe all that forces not a bluſh;
That with the Vouge, and Terrent of the time,
Take what in *Proſe* is *ſin*, for *wit* in *Rime*.
That only prize things that are *vile* and *fierce*,
A *Carre mans Dialogue* put into a *Verſe*.
As if our *Genius* by our *faults* were ſent,
And ſtill our veine did flow from *puniſhment*.
Our *fetters* were our onely *wreath* and *Praiſe*,
Were greater from our *ſhackles*, then our *Bayes*.

As if twere *valour*, and requir'd a Name,
For to be *Daring* in an *Epigramme*,
And were a deed as *Noble*, and as *High*
For to *defame*, as *ſlay* an Enemy.
In *Chaſt*, and *even* Paths *theſe* Poems Tread,
A *Recluſe* might them write, a *Veſtall* reade,
There are no *Philters* here, no *Magicke* duſt,
To raiſe deſire, and *Pander* out for luſt.
But if Triumphants vice oth' looſer Age
Commands to *Liſts*, and forces forth *Juſt Rage*.
The *Virgin Muſe* can then a *Satyr* turne,
Her ſprightly breaſt with nimble flames will burne:
But ſuch as ſtill are pure, that know to bring,
All of the Serpent forth, beſides the *ſting*
Reade here ſtill moſt ſecure, reade with a minde
Free as his *Extacy*; as *unconfin'd*,
Can you but underſtand you'l finde it fraught
With that can *fill* your *ſoule*, and *graſpe your Thought*.
Whilſt what from theſe diviner fountaines flowes,
Makes your *ſport ſtudy*, *pleaſure ſerious*.

J. F.

To the Author.

IN *ſuch* an age as *this*, when Ignorance
Is *ſainted*, and *uſurpes* the *chaire* of *ſence*.
What boldneſſe does impale thy brow dear freind,
That thou to *arts* and *learning* dar'ſt pretend?
Tis well thou wear ſt a *Sword* ! But when thy VVit
Is ſuch, that foure yeares VVarre but heightens it;
Thou need'ſt a ſtronger guard, that may out looke
The ſterneſt danger, and ſuch is thy Booke.
Thus arm'd and ſtand'ſt above the power of Fate.
And if bold VVickedneſſe ſhould ruinate
The life and Nerves of purer arts, yet thou
Should'ſt live, and a freſh lawrell crowne thy brow;
And the next age ſhall ſay, when Learning fell.
Thou onely wrot'ſt and wert *Man-miracle*.

VV. C.

To the Author on his Poems.

CLeane Braine in *cleaner* numbers clos'd.
Sence neither *Painted*, nor *Expoſ'd*;
VVit nor *unbent*, nor yet *ore-ſtretcht*;
Borne in each Poem, never *fetcht*;
Things of a *deepe uncommon* marke,
Beyond *courſe* eyes, on this ſide *darke*;
Things writ to All too, as to th' *Beſt*,
At once a *Dole* of VVit, and *Feaſt*:
VVords thy Minds Tiffany imploy'd
To *cloth* thy matter not to *Hide*:
VVhich by their Genuine fitneſſe tell,
T expreſſe is not to *ſound* and *knell*,
Poems as cold and cleane as ſnow,
Chaſt lines, and *frigid onely ſo*,
Yet ſprung from *youth*, ſhap'd out to win
(So th' Author Pens againſt his Chin,)
Bayes bred from *Thunder* and *Alarmes*,
Th' whole, as thy Satyr, borne in *Armes*,
Verſe-Rules let downe like th' *Hebrew Toke*,
And VVit-Lawes given in *Noiſe* and *Smoake*:
These are ſo thine, *High freind*, that I
Thy merits power cannot deny,
Vainly to adde my ſprig of Bayes,
VVhen the *Book's writ* in the *Book's praiſe*.

I. H.

To the Author.

D*Id thy Wine need my* Buſh, I'*de freely ſpend*
A leaſe,-In praiſe of my ingenious Freind,
The Author. Where ther's none we muſt lend weight,
So *Dwarfes* from *VVooden heeles* do borrow height.
But thine are Poems apter to *defie*
A Cenſure, then *implore* an Eulogie.
Unleſſe in thoſe *more circumciſed* Climes
That damne all P*oetry* but P*ſalmes and* Chymes,
He that ſhall reade and ſhall not like them well,
VVrite him thy *three* and *twentieth* Miracle.
In every ſheet I view, methinkes I ſee
Thy *Cartwights* Ghoſt appeare; For ſuch was he.
A VVit well manag'd; exactly broke
To *every* Pace, and of that's *every* ſtroke.
Not thorough pac't; for ſo are ſome; Confin'd
To F*eet*, and *Meaſures* only of *one* kind;
And ta'ne from that, they are as farre to ſeeke,
As an Aſſembly man would be at *Greeke*:
*B*ut equally to every Sort ally'de.
And can from *One* into the *Other* ſlide.
Alike to th' *Matyr*, and to th' Paſtorall.
And is as *proper*, where'tis not ſo *Tall*.
Go *forth* and L*ive*, thoul't ſtand an evidence
This Age had *wit*; pray God the *next* have S*ence*.

VV. *B*.

To

The Authour's Account of his Poem.

ANd Firſt he vowes 'tis not his glory,
T'impoſe on this or that mans ſtory.
He diſimbarks at no falſe ſhores,
Nor layes his Infants at *wrong dores*.
But is aſſur'd if you proceed,
The Fathers wont *renounce* their *breed*.
Next for *beleife* he tells you that,
No *Mandevile*, nor *Coriat*
Is cited here, here no man knowes
The Stories by their Authours *Toes*:
Nor can deſcry which was found out,
By him *with ſockes*, or him *without*.
There's none among them were ſuch Jewes,
To vex and perſecute *Old Shooes*:
And leave their Fame, but careleſs whether
In *Braſſe* or *Monumentall leather*.
All *ſerious* writers, theſe (nay bolder)
Scarce any but was *ſtaid Houſe holder*:
And in moſt parts of Chriſtian Ground.
Their words would paſſe for *forty* pound.
Yet let not truſt *too* forward be,
Leſt you beleive them more then *He*.
Where he devotes it, he aimes he ſaith,
At *Recreation*, more then *faith*.

The Argument of the Poem.

P*Rodigious* Eares, *firſt wonder tells.*
The Next, who under Water *dwells.*
The Third, who Faſt: *The fourth Endites*
The Gyants *ſtrange* Hermaphrodites.
Fifth treats of thoſe whoſe two Armes *lyes*
In their Right ſide. *Next, whoſe in* Thighes.
Seaventh, Eyes *exceſſe, but* Feets *defects.*
Eighth, thoſe whoſe Foot their face *protects.*
Ninth Camel-backs , *Tenth,* Face *in* Breaſt.
'Leventh, Dog-face; *Twelfthe, with* Three Beards
Next, Folke with Tailes, *Then* Amazons. (*preſt.*
Then He who Youth *ſo often dons.*
Then Fountaine *Lad; Then Craves beleife*
Who Feeds on Men, *as we on* Beefe.
To theſe Great Legge, *And then the* Dame,
Of Arepine, *that is born* lame.
Twentieth, Two Tongues: *Next,* Pigmies *aske it,*
And then Will: Baker *pinnes the* Basket.

The Table.

MEN-MIRACLES, a Poem. pag. 1.
A Curſe to Vulcan. 28.
The Life and Death of Iacke the nimble, cheif Saddle Nagge to Doctor S. 32.
Song at the Holly Buſh Guard. 35.
The Wake. 37.
Maſter W. H. his ſong to his Wife at Windſor. 40.
The ſpy of the Buttery, Or the welſh Dove, &c. 42.
Verſes made in Bed to one ſtudying in the ſame Chamber. 47.
Epithalamium to Miſtris M. A. 48.
Song, Cock throwing. ibid.
Sailers ſong. 49.
Song againſt Ale. ibid.
Ralph's ſpeciall care, His Bill of Fare, &c. 50.
Song againſt Fiſhing. 53.
To my Lady Ch. 54
Song, Celia ſowning. 5
Song, Calliope invited to ſing. [illegible]
Dialogue. 5
Iriſh Love-ſong. 59.
To my Lord B. of S. 60.
To Doctor F. Deane of Ch. Ch. 61.
To my Lord C. An. 1640. 62.
To my freind Maſter I. F. at Leyden. ibid.
To my Lady Ch. 63.
To the ſame. 64.
To the ſame. 65.
To the ſame. 66.

To

The Table.

To the ſame being his Valentine. pag. 67.
To the ſame. ibid.
On the Author of Love *Melancholie.* 68.
To my Lord B. *of* S. *he being at Yorke.* 70.
To my Lord *B. of* S. *on New-yeares day,* 1643. 72.
To Miſtris D. C. 73.
To L: C. H: P. 74.
To C: T: S. 75.
A *Satyr.* 76.
Elegie on the death of Sir *Henry* Spelman. 86.
Elegie on the death of Sir *Bevill Greenvill* [illegible]
Elegie on C. *W.* H. *ſlaine at Newarke.* [illegible]
Elegie on the death of Sir *Iohn* Smith *Standard-bearer to* His *Majeſty.* 1.
Elegie on the death of Sir *Horatio Vere.* 93.
Elegie on the death of Maſter R. B. 94.
Elegie on the death of Maſter H. *C.* 95.
Epitaph on the ſame. 96.
Epitaph on --- borne ten weekes before his time. ibid.
Elegie on the death of Maſter *W.* Cartwright. 97.
Elegie on the death of the Reverend Father *in* God *William* Lord *Arch-Biſhop of Canterbury.* ibid.
Elegie on the death of M*iſtris Chaworth.* 104.
Epitaph on Miſtris R. 106.
aroll ſung to his Majeſty on Chriſtmas day 1644. ibid.
oll ſung to his Majeſty on Chriſtmas day 1645. 107.
aroll ſung to his Majeſty on New-*yeares day, being the Circumciſion.* 1643. 108.
Caroll ſung to his Majeſty on Twelfe-day being the Epiphany. 1644. 109.
Caroll ſung to his Majeſty on twelfe-day being the Epiphany. 1645. 110.
After his Recovery *from a* Feaver. 111.
Song, Gods *Love and* Power. 112.

MEN-

MEN-MIRACLES.

A POEM.

Firſt Miracle.

YE Mortalls (if beleife be in yee)
Come ſee cōfirm'd what's ſaid by *Pliny*;
And firſt (for fear ye ſhould miſtake a)
Give eare unto *Antonius Daca*.
With whom conſents (to bring the Rime on)
A Truſty Authour, *Petrus Simon*.
Theſe two are back'd (in ſpight of Praters)
By *ours* and *Hollands* Navigators.
Now theſe avouch, that *India* bears,
Men of ſo vaſt prodigious *Eares*,
That ſundry of them may be found,
Whoſe *hearing-Organs* ſweepe the *ground*.
And each of theſe perhaps preſumes,
By length of *Eares* to ſave his *broomes*.
Sure 'tis an uncouth ſight to ſee ſome,
That *ſweepe* their Hall without a *Beeſome*.
Beſides their Eares, as they relate,
Are of that *breadth*, from foot to pate,
That under each (and none deſcry)
Six *men* may (like ſix *Eare-wiggs*) lye.

'Tis pretty faire when Eares are found.
That conceale *men*, as ours do ſound.
Our Eares (alas) take but mens *ſpeeches*,
But theſe take *men*, *doublet* and *breeches*.
The Round-head when his E*ares* he ſees
Finds he is but an *Aſſe* to *theſe*.

Second Miracle.

BUT paſſe on Pilgrim, till thou viewſt,
An Iſland called H*onopeuſt*.
The Mortalls there ('tis truth is ſed)
Make one *great Lake* their *Common bed:*
Under whoſe waters they *ſleepe* ſound,
As we doe here above the *ground*:
They've a fine time on't, in all weather,
Mud is their *downe-bed*, and their *Feather*.
No *Summer-bites* theſe knaves abide:
'Leſſe E*eles* and *Carpes* doe pinch their ſide.
A goodly ſort of people theſe,
To whom the *Fiſhes* are the *fleas*.
A ſtranger wonder ne're was found,
To theſe to *ſleepe*, is to be drown'd.

Third Miracle.

ART hungry Hermit? preethy tarry,
Here's the *Camelion*'s ordinary.
See here a kind of people haunt,
Who ſundry parts of body want.
To this they doe ſuſtaine their powers,
By th'ſent of *fruits*, of *hearbes* and *Flowers*,
Gregorius Garza found this too,
In divers people at *Peru*.

At feaſts invite, (an Age ſcarce heard in)
Theſe not to *houſe*, but unto *Garden*,
Their pallats have unheard of forces,
Our *Noſe-gayes* are their *ſecond* Courſes.
No Cookes among theſe men are boaſted,
Their Dinner *growes*, yes *ready roſted*.

Fourth Miracle.

NExt Story *Peter Simon* ga't us,
Of *John Alvarez Maldonatus*,
Who paſſing once to New found Land,
Penny in pouch, and *Sword* in hand,
Did Gyants view, oft (at his leiſure)
'Bout *five* Ells long, (yes *London meaſure*)
And one of them in humane view,
Did bravely *combat*, bravely *ſlew*
The Gyant (ſaith his Comrade *Daniel*)
Had face much like to *Dog* (call'd *Spaniel*.)
As he lay gaſping on the hill,
His *noſe* it was a *beake* (or *bill*)
And for his *Sex*, it was in ſight,
Hæc Aquila, *Hermaphrodite*.
Now (Sirs) I grant the *Pagan Poet*,
Of huge *Prometheus* ſpeakes, you know it,
For whoſe vaſt bulke he nothing ſtaggers,
To ſay 'tis ſpread o're many Acres.
But know, we onely bring before yee,
A *Chriſtian writer's* Gyant-ſtory:
His ribs more wide then hoopes to ferkin,
(What *Cloth* muſt goe to make his *Jerkin*?)
Dogs loooke, *Birds beake* in's face, you'l ſay,
Both *Setting dogge*, and *Partridge lay*.

If ſo, the Gyants was ill caſe,
Becauſe his *Noſe* did feare his *Face*.
Had that *bill* wings, there's none but ſpies,
His *noſe* had flew away with's *eyes*.
And then the *Dog face* left behind,
Had beene deſtroy'd whiles it was *blind*,
But *John Alvarez*, did not he
Kill *ſucking* Gyants e're they *ſee*?
Nor that he ſlew muſt it be told,
A Gyant-*whelpe* e're *nine* dayes old:
'Twas *full* growne Monſter this, and vexes,
That *Maldonatus* ſlew *both* ſexes.
It grieves him moſt, in his *owne* life
To looſe both th'*Husband* and the *Wife*.
For bulk he might be many dozens (*zens.*
Of *Husbands*, *Wives*, *Sonnes*, *Daughters*, *Co-*

Fifth Miracle.

AS *ſtrange* and *Monſtrous* knaves as theſe,
Are thoſe of whom *Lycoſthenes*.
In each of them there is eſpied,
Two Armes, *two* hands in their *right* ſide.
Whoſe wives (without or *wit* or *feare*)
Doe bring forth Children *twice* a yeare,
Should I ſuch a ſtrange wonder ſee,
I ſhould not think him *man* but *tree*.
And for his *two* right Armes, I vow;
Tis not a *double Limbe*, but *bough*.
Spread-Eagle fiſt when firſt he heaves.
His *fingers ſprigs*, his *nailes* ſeeme *leaves*.
Friend, I ſhould ſay, I preethy harke,
Lets feele why ſure thy *skin* is *larke*:

Thy veines convey thee *Sap*, not *bloud.*
Say, doſt thou not each Summer *bud*?
And (like *Third Richard*) cauſe not warme,
In winter haſt no *wither'd Arme?*
  Thy Children too are Garden-drafts,
  They're not thy *iſſue*, but thy *Grafts.*

Sixth Miracle.

LIke wonder doe thoſe folke beget,
  Whoſe *Armes* and *hands* in *Thighes* are ſet,
They thraſh their backes, as 'twere with flaile.
With that they weare behind a *Taile.*
Their wives too out of all miſtaking,
For all the world are of that making.
Unleſſe they beare, they think't a crime,
Foure babes at *once* (well in good time)
Two of their Barnes the ſelfe ſame day,
They doe *preſerve*, and *two* they *ſlay.*
For *milk* their breaſts ſo *much* doe beare,
It makes them *Cheeſes* all the *yeare.*
Sure for theſe Monſters *fiſt* it growes
In *thigh*, that it may reach their *Toes*,
And (if occaſion be) it may
Scratch itching *Corne* on *Rainy day.*
Or elſe perhaps ſo *neare* 'tis put,
Cauſe *hand* they have much like to *foot.*
But oh, their *Taile* I muſt allow,
As large as that of *Bull* or *Cow*;
And reaſon good, their wives not flit,
To yeild them as much milke as it.

These

Theſe *Centaure* Females have ſtrange trades,
They're both the *Cowes* and *Dairy-Maides*.
And in this *monſtrous* Common-weale,
They do not *Children* beare, but *veale*.
And in their *Cheeſe* (good people hearke it)
Sell halfe themſelves each *Monday Market*.
But ſtay (Kings truce) I think on't now
Theſe neither *Women* are, nor *Cow*.
I ſay nor *Cow*, nor *Wheate*, nor *Maſtlyn*,
For *Cow* is ſorry for her *Caſtlyn*.
But here the *Teeming* Monſter ambles,
Not to the *Nurſe*, but to the *Shambles*.

Seaventh Miracle.

ARabia (Author mine ſuppoſes)
Yeilds men with *three Eyes*, beſides *Noſes*.
Suppoſe *Eyes* dimme, as Mares in *Flaunders*.
Suppoſe their *Noſes* have the *Glaunders*,
They'l be perplext paſt all beleifes,
For *Spectacles* and *Handchercheifes*.
Theſe *men* too (yee may call them yeomen)
Have bigger *breaſts* farre, then our *women*.
Then for their *feet*, they have *no Toes*,
(That ſaves two inches in their ſhooes)
They fight, and ſtrive, from *morne* to *even*,
(Yet ſure they're not to *foot-ball* given.)

Eigth Miracle.

IN *Æthiopia*, 'bout the Weſt,
Are men with handſome feature bleſt.

Their fault is neareſt *ground*, at Roote
They've but *one* Thigh, and but *one* Foot.
(Sure one of theſe to ſave his Mother
Can't ſet *one* leg before the *other*)
But then this foot's ſo *broad*, the Urchin,
By its ſhade is kept from *ſcorching*.
With *Foot* held up, on *backe* he lies,
The *Sun* (and all his *workes) defies*.
His Trade's a *Jeweller*, though rude,
His Gemmes the Armenians buy for food.
To live *two hundred yeares* he's knowne,
(His Age hath *two leggs*, he but *one*)
His *Wife* with *Child*, from *huſband* flies,
Nor knowes his *bed* for all his *cries*.
Themſelves are wonders, but in ſooth,
This is more *wonder* then they *both*,

Ninth Miracle.

IN *AEgypt* Alpes, their *hands*, *feet*, *face*,
Proclaime the people *humane race*.
Their breaſts are *long*, but then their *backes*
Are like to *Camels* born with *packes*.
Women (with *Childe*) upon our ſhore
Are *Camels* too, but 'tis *before*.

Tenth Miracle.

THe vales of *Tartary* men live in,
Whoſe *heads* are wondrous like a *Griphin*,
And what is ſtrange as all the reſt,
Eyes they have ſeated in their *breaſt*:

Not farre from theſe the Monſter flings,
A paire of *different colour'd wings*,
And yet they *fly* for all *wings uſe*,
As heavy as a *powder'd* Gooſe.
Be *Griphin* Sire, but *Eyes* and *Noſe*
In *breaſt* a *Thornebacke*-Damme diſcloſe,
And then the *wings* ſhew in a word,
They part are *fiſh*, and part are *bird*.
But *ſlow* flight ſhewes they're, without erring,
Nor *Fiſh*, nor *Fowle*, nor *good* Red *herring*.

Eleventh Miracle.

THe *Luſitanian* King of late
Found *Nation* out, where *Curre* is *pate*.
Their *middle* part is *man*, their *thighs*
Are *horſe*, their *hoofe divided* lyes.
Their *Language* Mumme, for Reader harke,
Truth is they doe not *ſpeake* but *barke*.
They skirmiſh oft, their Captives eate,
Elſe other creatures are their meate.
Were theſe in *England* we ſhould thence,
Be puzled for their *difference*,
And them be forc'd at length to call
Not *Tom* and *Dick*, but *Toſſe* and *Ball*.
No Trades or Arts they ere would prove,
Unleſſe hunt *Ducke*, or *fetch* a glove.
Their lodging (all's one) eight or ten Ell,
For their *Bed-chamber* is their *Kennell*.
But then their *wives* there's nought more *puzzles*,
Our womens *mufflers* are their *Muzzles*.
But out alas, what mighty ſtirre,
Would be for an Interpreter.

They muſt be pleaſd, for if food growes
Maſters and Freinds they eate for Foes.
And ſtranger *diet* ne're was knowne,
VVhen *Maſter's* to his dogge a *bone.*

Twelfth Miracle.

AND now of Regions we ſing,
Where *Tamberlane* of old was *King*,
In upper parts, though men they be,
Yet ſtill T*hree* beards on Chin we ſee.
Our Barbers count it a ſtrange Crime,
To uſe *three* Razors at *one* time.
Suppoſe we call'd to waſh the face once,
Freind bring *three* balls, a *gleeke* of Baſons,
As for *this* beard, clip him no more,
On, to my *nether lippe afore*,
Till thou lop of, (my noſe hath aches)
The Tufts of my N*orth Eaſt Muſtaches*.
'Tis well, produce thy *Mirror*, I'le not paſſe.
Till't be a *Multiplying* Glaſſe.
Say would not this make Barber ſullen,
To ſee *one* like T*hree Kings of Cullen*,
Such *face* in Glaſſe was never *limmed*,
Unleſſe when *Cerberus* was T*rimmed.*

T*hirteenth* Miracle,

THus much *Lycoſthenes* doth tell us,
Lycoſthenes, and other fellowes,
But they goe on as not afear'd,
To call thoſe men, that ſeeme a Heard.

Fourteenth Miracle.

AS thoſe with *Tales*, and thoſe with *throats*,
Are as *wel-bearded* as our *Goates*.

Fifteenth Miracle.

ANd then to *Amazons* they call ye,
Confirmed by Sir *Walter Raleigh*.

Sixteenth Miracle.

ANd then to him, who try'd by's Peeres,
Prov'd he had liv'd *foure* hundred yeares.
Oft did his Lockes from *hoare-white* paſſe
To *black*, his haire's *Pythagoras*;
One hundred he did J*ove* adore,
Then liv'd a *Turk three* hundred more,
So from the Sultan penſion get,
(And like enough he keepes it yet.)

Seaventeenth Miracle.

TO this an *Indian* old they adde,
Who liv'd and liv'd, as he were madde;
For now *declining* from a Mountaine,
He leapt (they ſay) into a *Fountaine*,
Then don'd his Clothes, and 'bout to *bind* him,
Found he had left his *Age* behind him.
He *doft* his Clothes, and leapt forſooth,
Both into *Poole* and into *Youth*.

Eight-

Eighteenth Miracle.

AND after theſe they tell agen,
Of thoſe that uſe to feed on *men*,
And often *buy* at Butchers Portall,
Not legge of *Beefe*, but legge of *Mortall*.
But ſome of theſe we met before,
And therefore need relate no more,
Indeed ſome not, but ſince ſo much
Already's ſaid, we need but touch,

Nineteenth Miracle.

BEſides there lives upon a high land,
In Towne within *Saint Thomas Iſland*.
Who from that Towne, mine Author ſayes,
Receive their names the P*enecays*.
From old to young, from bird to Egge,
They have a B*ag-pipe* in their legge.
A *ſluggiſh Tumour* 'bout their bones,
That B*ag-pipe* makes the people *Drones*.
Of this diſeaſe, when folk you view *ſicke*,
Know 'tis a kind of D*ropſie-Muſick*.

Twentieth Miracle.

ANd near the ſame Celeſtian Line,
The Goſſips live, calld *Arupine*.
Nature to them is much the ſame,
They for the moſt part are born *lame*.
Both theſe may Nature juſtly call,
Her *miracle* and H*oſpitall*.

Of them to ſpeake, let no man urge on,
Leſſe we could ſend them a *Chirurgeon.*

One and T*wentieth* Miracle.

THeſe kind of wonders here had ſlept;
But in by chance another crept,
Juſt as I meant to ſay no more,
Came *Bohem* out of *Diodore*;
Who much proteſts he tells ye no lye,
From thoſe in Iſland J*amboli.*
There the inhabitants (quoth he)
Are *bulke* and *manners* much like *we*,
Shape ſame but *height* it is encreaſ'd
'Bove ours *foure* Cubits at the leaſt.
Their *bone* (to ſay he doth not ſwerve)
Is juſt as *ſupple* as our N*erve.*
And hence like Trees, before, behind,
They *bend* and *yeeld* to *Aire* and *wind*,
Quick *joints*, and all about *Smooth skin*,
No *haire* appears above their *Chin.*
But greateſt wonder that hath ſprung,
Is that of this ſtrange Nations T*ongue.*
Which *parted* is to all mens view,
And from the Roote compleatly *two.*
By which they have not onely force,
To uſe a *Numerous* diſcourſe;
But ſeeme at once ('tis wondrous pretty)
Like *ſeverall* Birds, and ſing their Ditty.
But that's not all, they will agen
Debate and argue with *two* men;

And at one inſtant they can fly,
To urge their owne ſence, and *Reply.*
This part conferres with *one*, while *t'other*,
Is *warme* and *earneſt* with *another.*

Two and Twentieth Miracle.

Of Pigmies.

MOngſt all the *Wonders* that there be,
Of *Man*, of *Beaſt*, and eke of *Tree*,
There's none where Authours are content,
To yeild their ſuffrage and conſent,
Or doe more ſerious credit give,
Then that the *Pigmies* once did live.
Philoſtratus (to Cronie wi'us)
When he doth out of *Apollonius*,
All other *wonders Fables* call,
He ſtill to th' *Pigmies* gives the wall,
But no *old* Author truer writ,
Then *Ariſtotle Stagirite*,
Upon this point in Booke he falls,
Inſcrib'd of *Getting Animals*,
He *Pigmies* grants, (we learne from thence)
Which liv'd of old in *Caves* and *Dens*,
And he to ſhew he doth not ſooth us,
Addes, 'Ου γάρ ἐστι τοῦτο μῦθος.
Which being rendred ſignifies,
That *Pigmie* ſtories are no *lyes.*
And now from him doth differ *Plinie*,
No more then T*ith-pig* from *Pig-ginnie.*
Onely thus much me thinks he vowes,
That *Egges* and Eg-*ſhells* were their *Houſe.*

'Tis in ſtrange *Timber* ſure they paddle,
To whom their *houſes* may be *addle.*
Theſe *Egges* they caught with ſweat and paines,
All from their neighbour *Foes* the *Cranes.*
Beſides old *Iſidore* hath g'in't us,
And 'mongſt the Modernes *Hector Pintus.*
Nay we could prove ſure as liv'd *Ninus*,
That this is back'd by *Auguſtinus.*
Few in this point have abandon'd us,
'Leſſe *Strabo* learnd, and *Aldrovandus.*
With *Scaliger*, who time hath ſpent,
Learnd to appeare, cauſe *diffident.*
The occaſion of its *Fable*, ſome
Have judg'd may from *this* reaſon come,
Becauſe that in thoſe Regions where,
The *Stagarite* ſayes *Pigmies* were,
All writers freely do agree,
That *wondrous little Creatures* be.
Hence might, ſay they, this errour grow,
And he might think the *men* were ſo.
This ſavours *Strabo*, and has guſt
VVhy *Ariſtotle* heel diſtruſt.
But thoſe who doe *this* Reaſon print,
Doe *Ariſtotle* juſtice in't,
For if the *heat*, the Sunne there flings,
Contract and *ſtraighten other* things.
Say why that *Sunne* may not have then
Like *influence* and *force* on *men*?
Beſides, 'cauſe wee'l no longer tarry,
'Tis cleare, that *Strabo* did *miſcarry*,
Since Authors chaine the *Pigmies ſeates*,
Not to the *Ecliptick parching* heates,

But doe allow theſe Dwarfes combine,
Under a ſundry *Temperate* Line.
Pliny in *Thrace* ſome *Pigmies* puts,
And *others* up in *Caria* ſhuts.
From *India* one his *Pigmies* takes.
And others neare to *Nilus* Lakes,
And *Ariſtotles Pigmie* height,
Is ſtil'd from's *Region* Troglodite.
Now *Homers Pigmie* head and mouth,
Is *Æthiopian* , *North*, or *South*.
And *Mala* to affirm not feares.
That *Pigmies* ſome *Arabia* beares.
Again, leſt *Strabo* ſhould confine us,
We to *Pomponius* adde *Solinus*,
And J*ovius* too, beyond J*apan*
Embaſſadour *Muſcovian*.
Let *Strabo* rage like *Captaine Tucca*,
Some men have ſeen them in *Molucca*.
But ſure methinkes it needs muſt like us,
Which ſtoried is by *Odoricus*.
He vowes, he *Pigmies* did deſcry,
Which were about ſome *three palmes high*;
And theſe (ſay, can ye hold from laughters)
At *five yeares old*, got *Sons* and *Daughters*,
To ſee the *Sonne* you would admire,
Goe play at puſh pin with his *Sire*.
But this to ſay would vex them rather,
Sir, in this *Infant* here your *Father*?
Or elſe ſuppoſe this Queſtion ſlipt,
Pray when was laſt your *Grandſire* whipt?
Is that your *Grandame*? who doth *dreſſe* it?
A wondrous *hopefull Child*, God bleſſe it.

If all Diſeaſes ſcape he can,
Thy Fathers Father may write man.
Theophilus, Higginus, Sergius,
And others (if ſo be that heard you us)
Albertus too. ſets *Dwarfes* before us,
And *Gaza* chriſtned *Theodorus*,
But *weepe, Will: Baker, weepe* to ſee,
Albertus Magnus doth agree,
That *Pigmies* were, yet at one ſtroke,
Where they *Ten* Thouſand all are broke,
Will: he averrs they had no *reaſon*,
Nor *underſtanding* more then *Peaſon*.
Out, Out, Albertus, I could *purſe* thee.
A friend of mine is bound to *curſe* thee.
But *Bille, worſe* and *worſe, Cardanus*,
(Unworthy man) doth more conſtrain us,
He writes, though *Cloakes* they wore with *Capes*,
The *Pigmies Fathers* were the *Apes*.
And that from *him*, their line's tranſlated,
That rides when *London Beares* are baited.
Now *Will*. if truth theſe men protects,
It ſomething *odly* ſure reflects,
And Cherry-lickum's beaſt, that Varlet,
Muſt be ſome *Dwarfe* in *Chaine* and *Scarlet*.
But theſe are *Libels* all and *Scandals*.
Deviſ'd by ſome whoſe *ſhooes* are *Sandals*.
For truſt me when *Thou* doſt appeare,
We quickly gueſſe what *men* they were.
Thy *talke Albertus* will defeat,
Where he farre *Greater* then the *Great*.
That Pigmies were, be that prov'd hence,
Will: Baker proves they ſpeake good ſenſe.

And now it will not be amiſſe,
To adde one author to all this:
One thing I'le inſtance Sirs, and no more,
What was of *Pigmies* thought by *Homer*.
When *Pigmie* now was *Midwives tale*,
And onely ſeaſon'd *Goſſips ale*.
When they would mention ſuch deviſes,
Cauſe *Cups* did want ſome other *Spices*,
When *Pigmies* folke did them ſo injure,
Onely ſupdly'd a *Race* of *Ginger*.
Up ſtarts old *Homer* in a wroth,
And cry'd, Keepe *breath* to *coole* your *Broth*.
Your *Meetings* love I with my heart,
And eke your *Ale*, be't *pint*, be't *quart*.
But yet my toes they itch to kicke her.
That drinkes theſe people off in *Liquor*.
Come, Come, your cups ſhall never boaſt,
They drowne a *Nation* like a *Toaſt*:
A Toaſt I ſay, which till 'tis mouldy,
You doe reſerve to *feed* your *Poultry*,
But *Dudgen Dagger* throat I ſtick in's
That *Pigmie* throwes to fat his *Chickens*.
At this, that all may henceforth know them,
He puts their ſtory in his *P*oem.
Their *war* with *Cranes* who them annoy,
As fam'd as is his *war* of *Troy*.
Now he that in their *ſtory* ſeekes,
Finds *Pigmies Trojans*, *Cranes* the *Greekes*.
But ſtill the *Pigmies* did defie them,
As if their *King* were *Aged Priam*.
Full ſundry Duels, ſundry Fights,
Were mannag'd by the *Pigmie* Knights.

And though at length they're *kill'd* and *quiet*,
I think their Foes got *little* by it.
For often wounded, often ſlaine,
Was many an *Agamemnon Crane*.
Steele in his *breaſt*, *Flint* in his *Eyes*,
His *Head* is *Tinder-box* likewiſe.
That can refrain, when this he heares,
From Gales of ſighes, and ſhowrs of teares:
Here lies a *Wing*, and there a *Claw*,
There lies a *beake* (*Warre* hath no *law*,)
And would't not greive *Lady* or *Dutcheſſe*,
To ſee a *Crane* walke 'twixt *two Crutches*?
There's ſmall remorſe in *Pigmie Dwarfe*,
That makes a *Fowle weare wing* in *Scarfe*.
With Feathers loſt, *Crane* oft did ſit,
Like *Gooſe* or *Capon* pluckt for ſpit.
Her guts cleane *drawne*, and *none within* her,
As though the *Bird* were truſſ'd for dinner.
They did ſo *mangle* her, ſo *batter*,
As if the *Carver* had beene at her:
Sometimes depriv'd of *Rumpe* or *Crupper*,
You'd think the reſt kept *cold* for *ſupper*.
When they were *Captives* in all ages
Th'impriſon'd were in *Coopes* or *Cages*.
Where both the *Mother* and the *Daughter*,
Ought ſeldome eate but bread and water.
Nor would they let (deare *Will* my honey)
A Drum or Trumpet bring them money,
And then alack, what ſhould they doe,
They could not *beg*, they wanted *ſhoe*.
In fine, from thence they ne're did range,
Leſſe on P*arole* to get *Exchange*.

In other *Fights* (*o Fights accurſ'd*)
The valiant P*igmies* had the worſt.
Lo here they *fall*, and there they *fly*,
W*eapon* on *Ground*, *Finger* in *Eye*.
O Cruell *Crane*, that is not ſlacke,
To P*igmie* pecke, behind his backe.
And what is worſe (though he exhort her)
Refuſe to give *Nine Inches* Quarter.
Long laſted feud and mortall jarre,
Till onely *Crane* ſurviv'd in warre.
In which no P*igmie* ere was ſpi'd,
That tooke up Armes on the other ſide.
'Twas *Crane* ſurviv'd, and well ſhe mought,
P*igmie* at diſadvantage fought.
For routed *Crane* puts ſpurre to wing,
And ſafe through empty aire doth fling,
And ere a Baker marke his Tallies,
See *Crane* returns againe and Rallies.
But P*igmie*-wight muſt ſtand to liſt.
Three Inches ſtride would *ſplit his twiſt*,
Well Sirs,
The P*igmies* had not from thence beene ſnatch'd,
Had W*ill the mighty* then beene hatch'd,
Had he beene *Generall* I wiſs'e,
Boyl'd *Crane* had gone to *pot* ere this,
He would have made their Forces yeild,
Yes, and had Pillage too o'th' Field.
Woe tide the Bagge, Baggage and Canon,
Few words my Muſe, I doubt they ha-none:
But had they any *cold* or *hot gun*,
All'*s* W*ills*, from *Culverin* to P*ot-gun*.

In Queſt of whom nere ſtraine your Artirs,
To find *Molluccans*, *Indians*, *Tartars*,
No forraigne-wilderneſſe or farre den,
His Forreſt is the *Privy Garden.*
Where oft before and after vittels,
He walkes, and then retires to skittles,
The *Pinnes* (eye witneſſes beleive)
Are *ſtiffe* as need to *ſticke* on ſleeve,
His *Ninth*, ſome Authors ſay is larger,
And vaſt as that which faſtens kercher,
But trigge him cloſe; for *Will* can win
Now marke him, *downe* goes *Corner Pin*,
Which preſſing Earth vaſt burden proves,
As *Feathers* falne from breaſt of *Doves*.
Now weighty Bowle whence cruell ſtroakes
Divided are, to his Nine Oakes,
Is *Reverend Pea*, which Burgers they
With *Bacon* eate, for it is *Gray*.
Then hand is large (if mortall heed it)
As *Moles* which blind hath none to leade it,
And *Mole* with *fiſt* we know doth toſſe a
Hill like a *ball*, *Pelion* on *Oſſa*.
Hand arme ſucceeds almoſt as bigge,
As *brawny pettie toe* of Pigge.
Arme with as *Truſty bone* is borne,
As what ſupporteth *Eare of Corne*,
Nerves thicke as *Ropes*, deſcry'd aloofe,
When Spider ſlides from toppe of Roofe.
But arme as deemes the ſtrict beholder,
Is wondrous neare unto his *ſhoulder*.
Shoulder in ſpight of I or you,
Provoke him not, the ſquire hath *two*.

Wherewith (in conteſtation caſe,)
He *ſhoweth* Frogs from place to place,
And to ſupport they have beene found,
A mighty beame (of *ſtraw*) from ground,
And well they may, for they inſtead
Of *Columnes* are to *Necke* and *head*.
Which head hath braines, there's nothing truer:
Ogge Yeoman of the Guard hath fewer,
Wit he hath more then *Gyant* that,
Though he ſcarce weare ſo bigge a *hat*.
For ſeeing Beaſt one did bereave her,
Of *ſeaventeene haires*, which made his *Beaver*.
He takes a *Silk-wormes Airy Twiſt*,
(Such *Oberon* ties about his wriſt)
That *girts* his *hat*, ſo big lookes that-band,
As *Antique* Mid-wives Cipreſſe hat-band.
That beares in *hat* (full ſpruce and fine)
What makes them *ſweat*, his *Valentine*.
  But *head* muſt not in any caſe,
Devided be from *Necke* and *Face*.
Face comely ſhap'd, with *Fore-head* ſmooth,
Eye under *brow*, and in *Mouth Tooth*;
Noſe riſing with *convenient* Ridge,
And *broad* as *Edge* of *Knife* i'th' *bridge*.
Beard plac'd on *Chin*, which he may twiſt
(When men *curle Haire* on *backe* of *Fiſt*.)
To *head* proportion'd *Necke*, where note,
It is not *Taurus*, *Necke and Throat*.
  His *Bulke* is *wide* as *Ring* ſay ſome
On *finger* worne, ſome ſay on *Thumbe*,
The firſt (I feare, doe hardly hit it,
Your *Finger* Ring will never fit it,

For *leaping* like through *Needle Camel*,
Hee's knowne to juſtle of the *Enamel*,
Nay when through *Thumb-ring* Feates he ſhewes (yee,
Moſt Authors writes he marres the P*oſy*.
Where he deſtroyes ('tis wondrous ſtrange)
I like my choice too well to change.
His *Fleſhy Thigh* men juſtly call,
As large as *Capons* (bone and all)
The *London Major* (though Authors ſome ſticke)
Tis thought nere eate a *Fairer Drum-ſticke*.
His *Brawny* Leg*s* with hand he knockes,
As *plumpe* in C*alves* as any *Cockes*.
When ſtrutting him in bootes you ſee,
No *Game-Cocke* gingles more then he.
Now but his F*oot* all parts are *paſt*,
For which you may conſult his *laſt*.
If he (at will) doe ſtockings uſe,
The *Mouſe* weares hide that makes his *ſhooes*.
But *Shooes* alas (oh diſmall day)
Occaſion were of ſuch a F*ray*
As hath not beene in E*ngland* found,
*S*ince *Guy* threw *Gyant* on the *ground*.
It hapned once (and who can ſay
What things may happen on a day?)
That *hungry Kitten* when ſhe came
Now fully weaned from her Damme,
And quite debarr'd of *Tet*, muſt haſt,
To ſeize on *Mouſe* or elſe muſt *faſt*.
For few Puſſe-Parents can ſay my purſe
Will keepe my *Kitten* at a *Dry Nurſe*.
One *Cat* in ten (you'l hardly ſeeke,
Can part with *halfe a Crown a weeke*)

When groanig paunch, and ſtomacke itchings,
Had forc'd her ſearch *Binnes, Buttrys, Kitchins,*
But all in vaine, about did goe,
And could not dine upon her *Foe*.
Fortune at laſt (as who ſhould ſay
Puſſe thou ſhalt eate with me to day)
Deſign'd to ſhew the *Duke* ſome ſport,
And did direct the *Cat* to *Court:*
She went, and willing to diſpach
She gap't, and lickt the *Centries Match*,
But Fire and Brimſtone ſpoil'd her Meſſage,
Soe thought it was the *Devils* Saſſage.
From him ſhe hyed, for her deſire
Was much 'gainſt *Brimſtone Sauce*, and *Fire*,
From ſtaire to ſtaire ſhe jumpd along
Till at the laſt ſhe ſpied a Throng,
Where *Page* that nere deſerv'd rebuke,
Paid due attendance to the *Duke*.
She cryed as ſoone as here ſhe come,
(Though few men heard it) *Fee*, *Fa*, *Fum*.
Be *happy* Puſſe, for in this houſe,
I ſmell the *bloud* of *Engliſh Mouſe*.
About ſhe roaves, about ſhe went,
Her *ſupper ſtill* was in her *ſcent*,
But ſearcing *hole*, and ſcraping *Cranney*,
She ſigh'd, for why ſhe found not *any*.
Her colour *went* and ſhe look'd Paler,
And much ſhe fear'd her *noſe* did *faile* her.
At laſt young bloud and warmer weather,
Threw reliſh hot from upper leather.
All things conſpire, and jointly meete,
VVill: Baker now defend thy *feete*.

Puſſe

P*uſſe* couched low, and downe ſhe lay,
In humble homage to her prey.
But as *Antæus* ſtriving found
Freſh *life* and *vigour* from the *ground*;
So P*uſſe* her limbes thus low had thruſt,
To riſe more active from the D*uſt*:
And now (as hunger gave her wings)
Uncivill Cat raſh bulke ſhe flings
On *Foot* and *Toes*: as *falling* ſteele
Doth ſundry wayes make mortall *feele*,
And doth *enrage* and move our *hate*,
More from i'ts *edge* then from it's *weight*.
So *Puſſe* ſtout W*ills* juſt anger drawes
Leſſe by her *weight* then by her *Clawes*.
But midſt *amazement* and midſt *feares*,
Juſt indignation, and *juſt* Teares,
By *Reede* in hand, with ſilver tipp't,
Rude P*uſſe* is moſt ſeverely whipt.
And then while both ſeeme to be even,
Affront was tane, affront was given,
A Ring was call'd, enraged they
Reſolve to fall, or end the Fray.
But all this while, as wealthy Swaines
Enjoy not, but enthrall their Gaines.
Who coyne confinde to Cheſts inure,
Not to *poſſeſſe*, but to *ſecure*.
And from that ſtrange unmanly itch,
Are their *Gold's Goalers*, but not *Rich*.
Soe P*uſſe* now graſpt what ſhe did catch,
Nor did ſhe feaſt on prey, but hatch.
Still brooding, ſtill to taſt was nice,
Her *Twinne Imaginary Mice*,

This gave advantage to her Foe,
And coſt her many a *ſturdie* blow.
Againe, ſomeimes ſhe would withdraw,
And give her *Yoke of Foes more law*,
That at their motions ſhe might riſe,
And *ſeize* them by a freſh ſurpriſe.
Now all this while the *Stripes* fell thicke
And *vext* the *Cat* unto the *quicke*.
Yet ſhe forbore, and did but *watch*,
To checke the Tyrant with a ſcratch,
Whom *ſeas'nably* he kept in aw
By ſtretching out *corrective* paw.
But what *amuſed* her heart within her
Was he *envy'd* her, her *dinner*:
'Twas no: ſo *large*, D*ormouſe* in view
Might ſeeme a *Beare* to *both* theſe *two*.
So *ſmall* they were, in any wiſe
She could deſcry nor *head*, nor *Eyes*.
Had ſhe not beene, ſhe'd left the fight,
More guided by her *ſent*, then *ſight*.
By that confirm'd, a *freſh* ſhe flies,
And ſo *renews* her enterprize.
And now as Children diſhes Court,
And wanton Taſts make *meat* their *ſport*.
Till at the laſt theſe *ſports* incite
Freſh Edge, and raiſe *new* appetite.
Soe P*uſſe* by play more ſharpe became,
Aſſuming *hunger* for her *game*.
Then *on* ſhe fell, and by the *Toes*
W*hole* ſtructure to the ground ſhe Throwes,
But *Gallant* WILL did ſtroakes afford,
Till almoſt *loſt* in *chinke* of Bord;

VVhere ſtreightned by the *place* and *feare*
He wanted *breath*, to wield his *ſpeare*.
  But being both *too* fatall hearted,
They now by ſeconds *both* were *parted*.
VVhen *Will* they to give him *Ayre*,
And *Seate* him on *broad-naile* of *Chaire*.
And P*uſſe* from *him* they ſevered farre.
Leaſt they *returne* at unaware.
  This Pauze (while Combatants were ſtill)
Heard *Votes* for P*uſſe*, and *Votes* for *Will*.
For F*actions* part, as did the *Ring*,
And their *divided ſuffrage* bring.
But the diſcreet *Indifferents*, they
For the moſt part gave *Will* the day;
For though ſome urge (that though *VVill* bleed)
His hand wav'd an *aſſiſtant* Reed.
And that the P*uſſe* did W*eapon ſcorne*
But what was with her C*att-ſhip borne*.
  They thus *Reply*, ſuppoſe one ſpide,
VVho *borne* was with his *Sword* by's ſide,
Muſt *Will* fight with him (*ſword* and all)
Becauſe that *ſword* is naturall?
Is he *VVills match*, ſay you that liſtned,
Becauſe his *Cutlers-ſhop* was Chri*ſtened*?
  But that which moſt the day did bend
VVas from the Combats, *different end*.
VV*ills heat* from *glory* firſt did riſe,
And a *juſt* ſenſe of *Injuries*.
P*uſſe*, not to *vanquiſh*, but to *Eate*,
Leſſe for her H*onour*, then her *Meat*.
Poore *Trencher* Duelli*ſt*, if ſhe fight,
No *courage*, 'tis but *Appetite*.

And this ſo ſwayd her ſhe was ſeene
To have re-entred *liſts* agen,
And feircely to his Foot ſhe goes
VVith freſh defiance to his Toes.
  But VV*ill* diſabled now to riſe,
By loſſe of bloud and freinds adviſe
Subſcribed without more adoe,
To ſave his foot to part with Shooe.
  " VViſe Merchant thus on ſecond thought,
  " To ſave the Ship throwes ore the Fraught.
He parts with ſhooes, whence doth appeare,
Twas his diſcretion, not his feare.
For ſtill he cryd with held up Knuckles,
You Rav'nous *Queane* returne my *Buckles*.

A
CURSE TO
VULCAN,
Occaſioned by a great
Fire in OXFORD, which
began at the roſting
of a PIGGE 1643.

POx take you *Vulcan*, & may that curſe ſpread
All the *Pye-Corner* curſes on thy head:
VVhat? not a *Pigg* the Parſons *Venſon* dreſt,
But needs' your Cuckoldſhip muſt be a
And make the ſame Diſh without more adoe, (*G*ueſt,
Roſted and *ſmoakt* be Pigge and Bacon too?
Shame o' your foule *VVeſtphalia* teeth for me,
Your next Pigge ſhall be *ſouc't* with a vengance
Some *Houſhold* cauſe ſure made you viſit us, (ty'e
Tis for the *VVives* ſake you love *Swines* fleſh thus,
For her *Tyth* Vrchin *Cupid* without doubt,
VVas *Litterd* P*igge*, and his eyes *Roſted* out.
Time was, ere your ſo furious Rites did riſe,
A penny-fagot was a Sacrifice.

Some head your Engine *Browne* the VVoodman ſay
Six Billets cloyd you on a Gawdy day,
But now thoſe lofty Piles which lately ſtood,
The pride of *Shotover*, and *Bagley* VV*ood*,
Are *By-Repaſt*, and *homely* Diet growne;
Nought can allay *your* Fury, but a *Towne*.
VVell give me but your *Toſted* fiſt a while,
And I will ſhew you in this Ruind Pile, (where
(Like him that ſhowes the *Tombes*, and's own Noſe)
Thoſe *Graves* & *Duſt* are now, & whoſe they were.
You din'd Hell doe you good on't, at the P*igge*,
VVhich ſure was *Roſted* well, were't nere ſo *bigge*.
But not content to feed as you could catch,
On ſo *courſe* Meat as *Hoſpitable* Thatch,
You foam'd and chaf'd, taſted the *Braines*, & *Hay*,
And ſwallowed all the VV*ood yards* in the VVay.
And then you & your warme Tempeſtuous Trayne
Followed by ſent into a cloſe *by-Lane*. New
Where you had ſeiz'd the Mint, but that withall Inne Lane,
Aurum Potabile was too Cordiall.
Where you had injur'd thoſe by Raſh deſigns Sir *W*. P
*W*hom virtue more then all thy *Flame* Refines. his
But fire's a *Glutton*, *Vulcan*, all the Reſt Quarters.
Did but *provoke*, the *Shambles* were your *Feaſt*.
Here while you Rove about and Wanton runne,
Fleſh was your *Fuell* and P*roviſion*.
Here you fell on amaine, and fed as hard,
As you had been a G*yant* o'the G*uard*.
Entrailes and *Skinnes* goe to't, and all you eate,
The *Stalles* and *Beeves*, the *Trenchers* and the
Buildings on either hand ſubmit their height, (M*eat*.
*W*hile Flame conſumes what did ſupport their *W*eight.

And here an *Honeſt Loyall* Printer dwelt, *(L.L.*
VVho all the Furie of the Tempeſt felt. *Pr. to the*
One that had never yet deſerv'd theſe Fires, *Univ.)*
By trying how *well* Treaſon lookes in *Quires.*
Nor Printing *Votes*, where letters *forward* lye,
But muſt be read ſtill with an Hebrew Eye.
Where Truths *runne Counter*, that which way they goe,
Rabbines & *Sea Crabs* which goe backward, know.
He to caſt *Ordnance* was ſtill afraid,
Bell-Mettall Letters he uſ'd none in's Trade.
Nor *deſperate* Orders ever did he dreſſe,
VVhere *Ink* and *Conſcience* are both ith' Preſſe.
That when the Worke is ore 'tis hard to ſtate
If *booke* or *Printer* ſhould be ſticht up ſtraight.
But ſee the ſtorme on to the *Maire-Maid* hies,
And *ſwifter* then ſhe *ſwimmes*, the lightning *flies.*
The *Metropolitan, Italian roome*
Royalto now was wondrous near his doome.
And in the *Cellar* to a generall drench, *F.H,*
Had reconcil'd the *Spaniard* & the *French. Vint.*
But *Frank* his *Neighbours* was & the *Poores* care,
Theſe helpe him wth their *Buckets*, theſe their *Pray'r.*
The *double-Janus Church* that lookes *foure* wayes,
Shelterd almoſt as much as it *ſurvayes.*
Elſe though the Maire-maid in the *Ocean* ſtand,
The ſtorme had ſeiſ'd on both her *Combe* & *Hand,*
To *trimme* her *haire* henceforth ſhe will not paſſe,
Ith' *Pale* of *water* rather then a *Glaſſe.*
Next as the laſt dayes active vengeance flies,
When 'twill be one to *ruine* and *ſurpriſe.*
When none can aske if Fire be here or there,
Cauſe they ſhall finde it ſcatter'd every where.

So now the Quere alter'd, doubts flew hot,
Not where it was but where the flame was not;
For from the Point which did the *Onſet* lend,
Till the quick flame was at her *Journeys* end,
All was on fire at once, no ſtoppe was ſeene,
No halt or ſtage, and then ſet *out agen*.
One direct equall line convey'd the Aire,
It blew by Art, deſtroy'd by *Rule* and *Square*,
The M*athematick* wind preciſely hit,
As *Archimedes* hand had levell'd it.
On in this line *Vulcan*, your hotneſſe comes Mr H.
*W*here the low Kitchin built the Upper Roomes, his
Old *Smith* a thrifty Cooke this ſtone pile lent, houſe
Twas once his *Houſe*, but now his *Monument*.
Here you were *nibling*, and had fed apace,
But he threw ſcalding water in your Face.
And thou be'ſt wiſe, *Vulcan*, come here no more,
The Builder fetcht it out oth' *Fire before*.
But though the maine erection ſafe be found,
Th' *Appurt'nances*, Out-houſes were burnt to th' ground.
And there three Hogs did periſh in the fire,
While they concev'd 'twas but a warmer M*ire*.
That D*evils* enterd Hogs was once divine,
But *Hell it ſelfe* went here into the *S*wine.
And here it wav'd but ſtay did not endure, D. Cl· his
The F*eaver* durſt not come ſo nigh the C*ure*. houſe.
At laſt alowd the *thirſty* Varlet laught,
Dranke down three wealthy B*rewers* at a draught.
They could have playd you B*arrels* without faile,
Had you beene a C*onſcionable Land whale*.
You injurd here, your fury climbing higher, Sr G. B. his
Thoſe known & tryd in a more *ſearching* fire. quart.

They ſuffred here,but their firſt ſufferings came
From thoſe that ſet the *Kingdome* in a *flame.*
They loſt two *Coaches* here, but they have arts,
For thoſe Incendiaries to find out *Carts,*
Thence you with your intoxicated Heele.
Ore Chimney-Tops to *Bacons, Cauſeway* reele.
  Out, out you *Salamander,* turne not *here,*
  On to your *Woodmonger* & *warme* your Beere.

The Life and Death of Jacke *the Nimble, Cheife-ſaddle Nagge to Docter S. C. of C.*

THE *Trojan* Horſe as *Homer* notes,
Was fill'd with *Men,* inſtead of *Oates.*
And if for *Provender* he ſeekes,
They brought him *halfe a pecke of Greekes.*
An *Army* came, and he was for't all,
Graſſe and Hay, the men were Mortall,
Yet ſure it would amaze a ſtranger,
To ſee an Army in his manger.
But *Nimble* J*acke* deſpiſ'd this Fable,
Nor was a *Sinon Groome on's Table.*
Jacke was no *Stratageme* I tell yee,
To put his Riders in his *Belly*:
Nor *Gin* as knowes the Oſtler *William,*
To ruine all the men of *Ilium,*
But leaves this Record of his fall,
He ne're was ſuch a Canniball,
But gentle Sirs, if youl be quiet,
Weel tell you more then of his *Diet*:

His *Comely creſt*, his *goodly Ey*,
And all his *Phyſiognomie*.
His eare erect, his *cleanely* Noſe,
That ne're was troubled with a *Poſe*.
Or the moiſt Glaunders, whoſe releiſe
Might make him weare a Handchercheiſe.
His Ivory Teeth now weepe, for harke,
I thinke they ſcarce outliv'd the marke.
His head was *neate*, which he *held* in
Like *Maides* that force a *Double Chin*.
So ſpruce ſo coy it ſtill did ſit,
Either with *Snaffle* or with *Bit*:
Breaſt fitly broad, and Backe, I take it,
Could ne're be ſadled, calld when naked,
Full Flanke, *Round Belly*, if you mind it
With Legs *before*, and eke behind it,
And ſo deſcend we to his Shankes,
Which ne're was knowne to either Bankes.
Not him, who when you heare it youl
Say kept the Horſes dancing *Schoole*.
He taught them Congee all, and *bow*,
And *cringe*, nay aske not, God knowes how.
But *this* though ne're ſo well h'had knowne ye,
Had carriage *faire*, *ſanz Ceremony*.
Yet J*acke*, though plaine, defies the Devill,
To ſay he ever was *uncivill*,
And did not greet both *Cloake* and *Gowne*,
As much as any *horſe* in Towne.
 But there's another *Bankes* I wiſſe,
Whom *Jacke* knew not no more then this.
Who though he after kept a Taverne,
Shod's horſe with *Gold* yellow as Safferne.

From him *Jacke* allwayes kept aloofe,
Finer in *Body* then in *Hoofe*.
And held it ill to praunce in ſtreet,
With's Maſters whole eſtate at's *feet*.
And caſting ſhooe did never hoppe,
Inſtead o'th Smith toth' Goldſmiths ſhop.
This for his *Bulke* for *ſpeed* alas
A freer nere made meale on Graſſe.
And ſince the wiſe *Horſe Heraulds* finde,
He was a Beaſt of Spaniſh kinde.
Begot in the *Iberian* coaſt,
Where winds get Nags to travel Poſt.
But, Reader, though we praiſe *Jacke* thus,
We grant he was no *Pegaſus*,
Though prance he doth, though heeles he flings,
Yet we allow he had no *wings*.
For Sir I tell you in a word,
Jacke was a Horſe, and not a Bird.
Heel take it ill, if after ages
Shall thinke his *ſtables* were his *cages*.
And now 'twould puzzle wiſeſt Carrier,
Or Beaſts *Hippocrates* the Farrier.
To riddle what diſeaſe might call,
Deare *Jacke* to his diſaſtrous fall.
Twas neither filthy *Bots*, nor *Spavin*.
Which other horſes often have in
Their Fleſh diſeaſed, he did not founder,
His legs were ſmooth as any *Flounder*.
Not ſicke of what men call the *yellow*,
Nor over-rode did melt his *Tallow*.
But come from *Uxbridge* died to ſee
So many *men* more *Beaſts* then *He*,

Who would not yeild the King his *right*,
As who would ſay, nay then *good night*.

*S*ong.

At the H*olly*-Bu*ſh* Guard.

CLeare the Eyes of the watch,
Lazy ſleepe we diſpatch
From hence as farre as Ded-ford,
For the Flocke-bed *and* Feather,
We expoſe to the VVeather,
And hang all Sheets *in the* Bed-cord.

Then ſleepe, ſleepe, and enjoy your Beds,
You quiet drowzy *Heads,*
May the furies *of the Night,*
Scarlet fleas *you affright,*
And pinch you blacke and yellow,
But the plumpe brawny *Louſe,*
Scornes the ſlelter of the Houſe,
Oh! He *is the Souldiers fellow.*

The Goblins *and the* Jigge
We *regard* not *a figge,*
Our Phanſies they cannot vary;
We *nere pity* Girles, *that doe,*
Finde no Treaſure *in their* Shooe,
B*ut are nipt by the* Tyrannous Fairy.

Then ſleepe, ſleepe, &c.

Liſt! the Noiſe of the chaires,
W*akes the* Wench *to her* Pray'rs,

Queene Mab *comes worſe then a* Witch *in:*
Backe *and* Sides *ſhe entailes*
To the Print *of her* Nailes,
Sheele teach her to ſnort *in the Kitchen*,

Then ſleepe, ſleepe, &c.

Some *the* Night-mare *hath preſt*
With that Weight *on their* Breaſt,
No Returnes *of their Breath can paſſe.*
But to us the Tale *is addle,*
We can take of her Saddle,
And turne out the Night-mare *to* Graſſe.

Then ſleepe, ſleepe, &c.

Now no more will we harke
To the Charmes of the Larke,
Or the tunes of the early Thruſh,
All the Woods *ſhall retire,*
And ſubmit to the Quire
Of the Birds *in the* Holly-Buſh.

Then ſleepe, ſleepe, &c.

While the Country Laſſe,
With her Dairy *doth paſſe,*
Our joyes no Tongue can utter:
For we Centinells *ſtand,*
And exact by command
The Exciſe of her Lips *and* Butter.

Then ſleepe, ſleepe, &c.

The Wake.

I, *And whither ſhall we goe?*
To the Wake I *tro:*
Tis the Village Lord Majors ſhow,
Oh! to meete I will not faile,
For my Pallat is in haſt,
Till I ſippe *againe and* taſt,
Of the Nut Browne Laſſe *and* Ale.

Feele how my Temples ake
For the *Lady* of the *Wake,*
Her Lips *are as ſoft as a Medlar;*
VVith her Poſies *and her points,*
And the Ribbons *on her joints,*
The Device of the Feilds *and the* Pedlar.

Enter Maurice Dancer.

W*ith a* Noiſe *and a* Din,
Comes the Maurice Dancer *in.*
VVith a fine Linnen Shirt, *but a* Buckram skin,
Oh he treads out ſuch a Peale
From his paire of legs of Veale,
The Quarters *are* Idols *to him.*
Nor doe thoſe Knaves inviron,
'Their Toes *with ſo much* Iron,
Twill ruine a Smith *to* ſhooe *him.*
I, and then he flings about,
His Sweat *and his* clout,
The VViſer thinke it two Ells;

VVhile the Yeomen find it meet,
That he jangle at his feet,
The Fore-horſes right Eare Jewels.

Enter the Country Fidler.

B*ut before all be done,*
With a Chriſtopher *ſtrung,*
Comes Muſicke none, *though* Fidler one,
While the Owle and his Grandchild,
With a Face *like a* Manchild,
Amaz'd in their Neſt,
Awake from their Reſt,
And ſeeke out an Oake to laugh in.
Such a diſmall chance,
Makes the Church-yard dance,
When the Screech Owles guts ſtring a Coffin.
When a Fidlers coarſe
Catches cold *and growes* hoarſe,
Oh ye never heard a ſadder,
VVhen a Round-headed ſinner,
Makes his will *before* Dinner,
To the Tune *of the* Nooze *and the* Ladder.

Enter the Taberer.

I, *but all will not doe,*
VVithout a Paſſe *or two,*
From him that pipes *and* tabers *the* Tattoo,
Hees a man that can tell 'em,
Such a Jigge *from his* Vellam;
VVith his Whiſtle *and his* Club,
And his brac't halfe Tub,

That I thinke there ne're came before ye,
Though the Mothes *lodged in't,*
Or in the Manuſcript *or* print,
Such a pitifull Parchment ſtory.
He that hammers like a Tinker
Kettle Muſicke is a ſtinker,
Our Taberer bids him hearke it,
Though he thraſh till he ſweates,
And out the Bottome *beates*
Of his two Doffer Drummes *to the Market.*

Enter the Bag-piper.

Bag-piper *good lucke on you,*
Th'art a man for my money,
Him the Beares love *better then* Honey.
How he ticles up his skill,
With his Bladder *and his* Quill,
How he ſwels till he bliſter,
While he gives his mouth a Gliſter,
Nor yet does his Phyſicke *greive him*
His Chops they would not tarry,
For a try'd Apothecary,
But *the* Harper *comes in to releive him.*

Enter the Harper.

W*hoſe* Muſicke *tooke its fountaine,*
From the Bogge *or the* mountain
For better was never afforded.
Strings hoppe *and* rebound,
Oh the very ſame *Sound*
May be ſtrucke from a Truckle-bed coarded.

The

Epilogue.

The VVitney Prayer.

NOw God a bleſſe *King Charles,* and ſend him to be merry.
And bring our *Noble Queene* a ſafe over the *Ferry*
The *Prince,* marry ſave him, and the *Duke* his owne Brother.
God a bleſsing light upon him, he is eene ſuch another.
I ſay the *Dukes VVorſhip,* for & whoſe ſweet ſake
Was a cheifely intended we of *Witney* & the *Wake.*

Maſter W. H. his *S*ong to his Wife at W*indſor.*

T*Is not the guilt of* uncancell'd *ſcores*
Frights me from thee,
No Ale-wifes Doores
Doe Penance *in* chalke *for me:*
No Eaſterne character
Inſcrib'd on the Poſt,
Of an Hebrew *hoſt,*
Againſt me can appeare.
Nere had I the repute,
To be skill'd in the Roote,
Nor indeed was I ever willing,
To diſcover by what happe
The Fat Harlot *of the* Tappe
VVrites at night and at noone,
For a Teſter halfe a Moone,
And a great round O *for a Shilling.*

Yet when the Youthfull vigorous *Grape*
Doth becken me,
That comely ſhape,
Doth create no Antipathy,
And yet no Rubies *ſhine,*
None Gliſtering lyes,
To dazle *mine eyes,*
My Fleſh *is no* Chimicks *mine:*
No Jeweller *ſo baſe*
Shall keepe ſhop in my face.
Nor drinke I ſo much to diſcloſe,
By freſh Pimples *that riſe,*
VVhere the Reconing *lies,*
That the Barre-Boy *may point*
Out the Quart *and the* Pinte,
And make up his Scores *by my* Noſe,
But when no Indentures *riſe,*
VVhen none conſent.
For ſeaven-yeares lies
To be bound to the Parliament:
VVhen Venne *ſhall be* tame,
And ſee us deſpiſe,
T*he* whites *of his Eyes,*
And the Verilyes *of his* Dame;
Oh then am I in caſe,
To *come and ſee thy Face,*
Wee'*l have* Fire *and a* Chimney ſmoaking.
Holy Venne *by degrees*
Shall begin to freeze,
For if Treaſon *failes,*
He may blow his Nailes,
T*is the ſecond* T*rade that he broke in.*

The

The Spy of the Buttery,
Or the W*elſh Dove:*
Walias,
Jacke Price *the feirce*
To the Cooke Dicke Peirce.
This newes was tell her,
From the Kings Cellar.

D*Icke*, I had wrote to thee before,
But *filthy Fairefax* (ſay no more)
Thou knowſt 'twould be a diſmall hearing,
To ſend a *Letter* out *pickearing*.
Your Better ſort of Letters goe,
With Piſtols at the *S*addle *B*ow,
And though ſurpriz'd they much condole,
May be diſmiſs'd upon *Parole*.
*B*ut mine once ſnapt goes ſure to Priſon,
Nay faith perhaps they'd ſlit their Weezon.
And oh the *Rogues* how would they vapour,
To ſee the *Carcaſſe* of *Cap-paper*,
Yet now at laſt thou ſeeſt it comes,
But ſtay here, *Dicke*, and *wipe* you *Thumbes*.
And now if Freind gaine Freinds beleife,
I've taſted nought but *powder'd Beefe*,
And (*S*irrah) that in my opinion,
Greene as the *driven Leekes* or *Onion*,
Come *Dicke* 'twould make your Pallat whine,
To *ſpit Salt-Peter* and *piſſe Brine*.
I would the King were bound to dubbe
Each man, whoſe *Gut's* a *Powdring Tubbe*

A freind of yours if he were righted,
Would not be long from being *Knighted*:
But that's all one, I long to ſtickle,
For ſuch another fortnights *Pickle*.
Our *Beefe* was *ſalt*, but hearke it Cozen,
Wee kill'd *freſh Round-heads* by the dozen,
I think the Varlets dare not utter,
How deare they paid for our *freſh* B*utter*,
By my conſent if they would tarry,
The Rogues ſhould rent the Kingdomes *Dary*
Methinkes their *pay* was *faire* and *good*.
A *Pale* of *Milke* was *two* of *Bloud*,
And ere their Butter 'gan to coddle
A *Bullet churnd* i'th *Roundheads* Noddle.
Then for their *Cheeſe*, when they Begunne it,
We op't their Veines to let out *Runnet*,
On *Botly Cauſeway*, on our Words,
Their *Braines* lay thicker then their *Curds*.
 And now I thinke on't I can't chuſe
But give the more account oth' *Newes*,
Fairefax in perſon *Northward* lay,
Thou knowſt he drinkes *that* Climates *Whey*,
But oh! his *Tent* his *Tent* alacke!
'Twas neither *Greene*, nor W*hite*, nor *Blacke*,
But in ſuch colour it appeares
Which mortalls *ſees*, and Mortall *feares*,
Riddle the *Raine-bow* Colours round,
Or plucke a *Pedlers packe* to ground,
See *Ribbons* which may bind your Artirs,
See *Pointes* and if you can ſee *Gartirs*.
I ſay this *Pedler*, or that *Clowd*,
More *diſmall colour* ne're allow'd

'Twas *flaming Crimſon, Dick*, which did portend,
O Oxford, Oxford, thou art at an end!
Like ſome fell *Comet* ſure this muſt affright us,
Like that or'e the fam'd *City* ſackt by *Titus*.
Or like a *flame* breath'd out by *Furze* or *Bavins*,
And *flame* you know frights Horſes worſe then *Spa-*
Into this *diſmall* Tent this fierce Knight cões, *(vins.*
Mumme quoth the *Trumpets*, be *unbra'ct* ye *Drums*.
Then *thrice* ore head bright gliſtring blade he ſhakes
Thrice were our eyes much dazled for their ſakes.
After ſome *Pauze* & *Pauze* thou knowſt was *fit-*
He pluckt his *Gantlet* off, his *Iron Mitten.* *(ten,*
Oxford (quoth he) on thee I'le have no pity,
For I am ſent from far by the Commitee.
The *Still-borne* child ſhall rue the day,
For want of *Butter*, *Milke* and W*hey*.
Diſeaſed Infants (dire miſhap!)
Shall wiſh their *Coffins* full of *Pap*.
Cuſtards from thee 'tis I will thuſt,
That ſhake like *Agues* bak't in *Cruſt*.
No more no more of *freſh Cheeſe* dreame,
Which like an *Iſland floates* in *Creame*.
I and my men will eate eft ſoones,
Th'*Iſland* with *Knives*, that *Sea* with *Spoones*.
Thy *Cheeſe-cakes* fram'd I make no doubt,
Sometimes with *Plums*, ſometimes without,
I'le ſend to *London's* Lycoriſh Siſters,
They'l coole their bodies more then *gliſters*.
When they are full this fame may be begun,
I am their *Generall* and their *Iſlington*.
At this, one Night it muſt be ſaid,
Our Governour that Gallant *Blade*,

But to the wiſe thou knoweſt few words,
He drew us out, we drew our *S*words,
Ith'twinkling of a *zealous* ey,
Downe fell their foot, their horſe they fly.
We kil'd and tooke, like *Mice* in Cupbord,
Two hundred *Varlets Dicke*, and upward.
In what a caſe *Dicke* thinkſt thou than
Was *Fairefax* fierce the *Dairy-man*?
And which ſhooke moſt, gueſſe by his Screeches,
His *Earth-quake Cuſtards*, or his *Breeches*,
To *Marſon* bridge who ſcaped went,
There ſtood the *Bloudy-Dairy Tent*:
*S*laſh't to the bridge they come, but one ſuppoſes,
Without the Bridges of their *Noſes*.
Now *Dicke*,
At other Ports lay *Browne* and others,
In time they'l curſe that ere had Mothers.
Twas *Browne* I ſay, and thou mayeſt tell it,
Oh that's a heart of *Oake* like *Billet*.
We claw'd him from each Counterſcarfe,
*S*ure his *Accounts* come ſhort at's *Wharſe*:
From every *Port* we kill'd the Maggots,
There's one, there's two, ſo on like F*aggots*.
The *Eaſt* line *common ſouldiers* kept,
The *North* the *Honeſt Towneſmen* ſwept.
The *Weſt* was man'd by th' *Loyall Schollers*
Whoſe *Gownes* you ſlave are *blacke* as *Colliers*.
They taw'd it faith, their *Gunnes* would hit,
As ſure as they had *ſtudied* it.
They ramm'd their Bullet, they would ha't in,
Bounce went the *Noiſe*, like *Greeke* and *Latine*.

And for their Colonell moreover,
It was the valiant *Earle of Dover*.
TheſeKnaves talkt much oth' *ſiege* of *Troy*,
And at this *ſiege* they leapt for Joy.
They defied *Fairefax* and his *Forces*.
Said he was *Sinon* and brought *VVoodien Horſes*.
Now for the *South Port Dicke*, why there I ſay
The Noble Loyal, ſtout *Lord Keeper* lay,
His men made th'Raſcalls cry they were miſtaken,
To ſhew their hungry teeth at *Friar-Bacon*.
They conjurd'em yfaith and laid 'em dead,
As each there *Helmet* were a *Braſen head*.
I thinke the Knaves will hardly be in heart,
Where *Courage* is, and they ſuſpect *Blacke Art*.
'Tis ſtrange by both the buckles of my Girdle,
TheDeele tookeRoundheads 'cauſe they were oth'
YetPluto cryed they need not be ſo eager, (*circle*
For why their *Heads* alone were in that *Figure*.
But to conclude *Dicke* all ports played their parts,
As they had ſome *finger* in thoſe *Arts*.
And all the Rebels are runne hence ſo faſt,
As twere from *Bacon* yes and *Vandermaſt*.

Poſtſcript.

BEcauſe her *Inglis* was no very better,
Was cote *another* rite this Letter.
But *Aule before*,& *behind*,& *beſide* that riteings,
Was her own naturall inditeings.

I reſt, a matter of *foure* times thy *thrice*
humble Servant, *Shon Price*.

YEt for aule her *haſt*,
Here's a *preamble* at laſt:
Now let her beware in any wiſe,
From ſhuffle her *Letters* under *Pies*.
For marke you me now, teſe ferſes under,
Was put her in mind for ſend her ſom *plunder*.
Was long to give a *Numbaſſader* a *Teſter*,
For bring her a *Sattin Douſlet* from *Leſter*.

Verſes made in Bed to one ſtudying in the ſame Chamber.

GEt thee to bed, I ſay, that gowne and knackes
Preſent thee *Praiam* ſhrunke to *Aſtyanax*,
Three guilded Caps a poreing ſure I view
Some M*unmouth'd* youth that lies & ſtinkes perdue.
All thou read'ſt there is a *Watchword* ſure, & then
Stead of a *ſword* lies drawne a *Valiant Pen*.
So the well furr'd Sire that gives the *Midnight*
And ſee thy *Tinkling ſtandiſh* for a *Bell*. (knell,
Looke now thou yawn'ſt too; afore *Jove* I ſhall
Heare thee anon ſnore out, *Good People all*.
But to be ſerious, preethy goe to bed, goe reſt,
Young man thou canſt not famiſh at a Feaſt.
Phœbus thou know'ſt the God of Wit is ſed
To ſtudy but the *Day*, and then to *Bed*.
I love thy brave attempt, but pray forſake,
The flow'r thus deckt with honey ſhrouds a ſnake.
Where am I freind? I dreamt I told thee right,
But thou haſt allmoſt wakt me, *James Good-night*.

Epithalium. To Miſtris M. A.

Riſe from your *Virgin* ſheets, that be
Fy on them a meere *Nunnery*.
Who ſolitary Winters leads,
Turnes *Bracelets* to *Religious* Beads.
The Virgin that at Hymen ſtickes,
Should ſell her *Gemmes* for th'*Crucifix*.
For ſhe's a *Nun* the Sages tell,
That lies *alone* though in no *Cell*.
She midſt her *Liberties confin'd*,
Her *Bodie's cloiſter* to her *mind*.
Be they immur'd whoſe lookes are wore
Pale as the *Relickes* they adore.
Where cheekes the *Roſe* and *Lilly* paint,
A *Bridegroome* is the *onely Saint*,
Then as faire *Roſes* to each other laid,
Unite their bluſhes, and are *Garlands* made,
So you, who when you are aſunder onely ſhun,
One Starre will ſhine a *Conſtellation*.

Song.

Cock-throwing.

Cocke a doodle doe, tis the braveſt game,
Takes a Cocke from his Dame,
And bind him to a ſtake,
How he ſtruts, *how he* throwes,
How he ſwaggers, *how he* crowes,
As if the Day newly brake.

How his Miſtris *cackles*,
Thus to find him in ſhackles.
And tyed to a Packe-thread Garter?
Oh the Beares *and the* Bulls,
Are but Corpulent Gulls
To the Valiant Shrove-tide Martyr.

Saylers Song.

HEre is a *Bowle* in whoſe *wide* coaſts,
Navies may ſwimme like *winter Toaſts*,
Which to drinke off if he were minded,
Æolus would prove ſhort winded,
Tis to the *Queene*, downe let it fall,
There goes *Ocean*, *Ships* and all.
Hoiſe *Sailes* againe, and ſtill provide
New ſupplyes to maintaine the *Tyde*,
For when we the dry Bottome knocke,
Then we are *ſplit*, O there's the *Rocke*
Here like a *Whale* my ſpatious gut
Sports, and then *devoures* a But;
Store me with one deliberate ſuppe,
No *ſtorme* ſhall ſooner toſſe it up.
Tis *wide* and *deepe*, be ſure you fill't:
Twill make an Ocean run a Tilt.
Drinke *ſhallow* firſt, then *drowne* your Oare;
No *danger* but to *come a ſhore*.
For when we, &c.

Song againſt Ale.

C*Ome your* Ale *is a liquor*,
Drawes thicker and thicker,

Tis the damme *to that* Heretique *Beere.*
Twas begot *in a huddle,*
By a Fogge *and a* Puddle,
Which the Beames *of the* Toaſt *cannot cleere.*
Tis a Magicall *charme,*
Turnes wit *into* Barme,
Tis a Spell *'gainſt the* Muſes *and* Braines:
Doth Pegaſus *force,*
To be a Brewers Horſe,
And ſtuffes up his Manger *with* Graines.
Lays Hippocrene *flat,*
Aſleepe in a Fat,
To be laught at by every Lay-man;
Each Muſe that *comes* after,
Turnes Sutlers daughter,
And Apollo *himſelfe to* a Dray-man.

Ralph's *ſpeciall Care,*
His Bill of fare.
Or
A Caveat to the Foes that they beware 'em
In ſtarving Omnium Animarum.
Which may be ſung up and downe,
To the Tune of *Troy* Towne.

VVHen *Oxford* Towne full fortnight ſeige,
Fairefax withſtood that dreadfull Maggot.
Ralph Providore for ſtranger leige-
People, 'gainſt *Browne* and Penny Faggot.
Brought this Browne Bill at legall Summons,
Before the Lords, God bleſſe the Commons.

Mouthes

Mouths *female* ſome, and ſome were *Male*,
For both he caters and beſeeches,
You would be pleaſ'd to take his tale
Of food for Aprons, and for Breeches,
Marke his Browne Bill, &c.

Imprimis,
4 quarter of wheate,
2 of Maſtlyn,
2 of Peaſe.

Foure Quarters *Wheate*, of *Maſtlyn* twaine,
For broth in Lent as much of *Peaſe*,
Both *Food* and *Phyſicke* hence we gaine,
Twill both the Belly fill and eaſe,
By his Browne Bill, &c.

Item
6 flitches of Bacon,
4 Gammons.
1 Beefe and an halfe,
9 Salt Eeles.

Bacon with *Sword* and *Dagger* eke,
Full ſundry Flitches and backe Gammons,
Beefe ſalted greene as any *Leeke*,
Beſides *Salt Eeles*, would they were *Sammons*.
Oh Ralphs Browne Bill, &c.

Item
9 Pots of Butter.

Some pots of *Butter*, more of *Ale*,
For why, quoth *Ralph*, and then he laught,

Although our *Sauce* and *Dairies* faile,
The Brewer churnes our mornings draught,
Sing Ralphs Browne Bill, &c.

Item,
3 hundred weight of Cheeſes:

Cheeſe Chedder ſome, all wondrous fat,
And leſt he ſhould by *Rattes* be plunder'd,
He keepes in fee a *leigen Cat*,
As Conſtable of every *hundred*,
With his Browne Bill, &c.

Item,
4 Buſhels of *S*alt.

But leſt his *Inventory* halt,
And all his *Items* are undone,
Peter is *Sirname* to his *Salt*,
Twill ſeaſon *Meate* or ſeaſon *Gun*.
Tis Ralphs *Browne Bill, &c.*

Item,
9 Neates Tongues.

'Sfoot *Ralph's* a *Linguiſt*, and unlockes
His Mouth to *Countries* farre and wide.
Dry'd Dialects on Chimney-ſtockes,
Shew *Ralph* is onely *Neates-Tongue* ty'd.
By Ralphs Browne Bill, &c.

Item Grocers ware
good ſtore.

Then *Grocers* Ware, as *Sope* and *Plumbs*,
Browne *Candy* to perfume your Whiſtle,

All

Al goes through's *Providence*, or *Thumbs*,
Sure *Ralph* is *Ralph* o'th' *Burning Peſtle*.
Knight Ralphs Browne Bill, &c.

Item,
7 Strike of
Oatmeale.
But *Oatmeale* ho ! you'd little thinke it,
Boyle it, and boyl't againe o're Fuell,
You may or *eate* it, *Maides* or *drinke* it,
Ralph hath a care of *Water Grewell*,
In his Browne Bill, *&c.*

Song.

Y*Ou that fiſh for* Dace *and* Roches,
Carpes *or* Tenches, Bonus noches.
Thou waſt borne betweene two diſhes,
When the Fryday *ſigne was* Fiſhes.
Anglers yeares are made and ſpent,
All in Ember weekes *and* Lent.

Breake thy Rod about thy Noddle,
Through thy wormes and flies by the Pottle,
Keepe thy Corke to ſtoppe thy Bottle,
Make ſtraight thy hooke, and be not afeard,
To ſhave his Beard.
That in caſe of ſtarted ſtitches,
Hooke and Line may mend thy Breeches.

He that ſearches Pools *and* Dikes,
Halters Jackes, *and ſtrangles* Pikes,
Let him know, though he thinke he wiſe is,
Tis not a ſport *but an* Aſſizes.

Fiſh ſo tooke, were the caſe diſputed,
Are not tooke, *but* executed.
Breake thy Rod, &c.

You whoſe Paſtes *fox* Rivers *throat,*
And make Iſis *pay her Groat,*
That from May *to parch* October,
Scarce a Minew *can ſleepe ſober.*
Be your Fiſh *in* Oven *thruſt,*
And your owne Red-paſte *the* cruſt.
Breake thy Rod, &c.

Hookes *and* Lines *of larger ſizes,*
Such as the Tyrant *that* troules *deviſes,*
Fiſhes *nere, beleive his* Fable,
What he calls a Line *is a* Cable.
That's a Knave of endleſſe Rancor,
Who for a Hooke *doth caſt an* Anchor.
Breake thy Rod, &c.

But of all men he is the Cheater,
Who with ſmall fiſh takes up the Greater,
He makes Carpes *without all dudgen*
Make a Jonas *of a* Gudgen.
Cruell man that ſtayes on Gravell
Fiſh *that Great with* Fiſh *doth* Travell.
Breake thy Rod, &c,

To my Lady Ch:

Madam,

TEnants with *Aches* and *ſore Eyes,*
Or he that on his *Death-Bed lyes,*

And now muſt dye, when it is knowne,
That you who were their *Cure* are gone,
Suffers not more in your *Remove*,

Not the *Parſon*, who I'me ſure is loath,
To ſhake hands with your *Table-Cloath*,
Whoſe ſlender ſoule could never looke,
For freind at *Chichley* but the *Cooke*,
And onely doth your *Chimney* love:

He whom your *Meales* could onely fix,
Who loves you juſt at *Twelve* and *Six*.
Who greives for th'*Servants*, not that they
Seeme to depart, but *take away*,
And leave not *Empty houſe* but *board*.

How will he preach when firſt he ſees,
Nought to inſpire him but his *Cheeſe*?
And that ſo hard and void of ſappe,
It maimes more *Rats* then doth the *Trappe*,
When they aſſault his *Thrifty* Hoard.

Thus much *I* owe him for's delay,
O'th *B*liſſe which in your *Papers* lay,
Should you then *Madam* hide your ſmiles,
As farre in *Lands* as now in *Miles*,
My zealous verſe ſhould trace you out, and then
Hee'l write while he hath either *Hand* or *Pen*.

who ſubſcribes himſelfe, &c.

Song.
Celia in love.

I *Felt my* heart *and found a* flame,
That for releife *and* ſhelter *came:*
I entertain'd the treacherous gueſt;
And gave it welcome in my breaſt.
Poore Celia, *whither wilt thou goe?*
To coole in Streames, *or freeze in* Snow?
Or gentle Zephyrus *intreat,*
To chill *thy flames and* fanne *thy heat?*
Perhaps a Tapers *fading* Beames
May dye in Aire, *or quench in* ſtreames,
But Love *is a* Myſterious fire;
Nor can in Aire *or* Ice *expire.*
Nor will this Phoenix *be ſuppreſt,*
But with the ruine of his Neſt.

Song.
Celia Sowning.

T*Here on a flowry pillow ſpread*
Faire Celia *her declining head,*
When death diſguiſ'd like gliding ſleepe,
Did gently ore her Silence *creepe,*
Her Roſe *and* Lillies *drooping ly,*
The Sun was ſet in Celia's *ey.*
Her Lips *were* Twinnes *of* Corall *growne,*
Bloud *hardned into* Bluſhing ſtone,
Her Teeth *their motions did depoſe,*
And made their Ivory Kiſſes *cloſe.*

Her fragrant Breath *his ſweets ſuppreſt,*
Retiring to perfume her Breaſt.
Her Pulſes ſlept *and did conſtraine*
T*heir* Daunces *in her* Azure veine.
  B*ut Gentle* Love *who this did ſpie,*
Kept ſtill his Ambuſh *in her* Ey,
And joyd at his ſaire *Priſon ſhooke*
His ſilver ſhafts, *then* Celia *woake:*
B*ut when the* Nymph *reviving ſpied,*
The amorous Boy, *Oh then ſhe cried,*
  Ye Gods receive againe this Breath,
  For Love *is but a* Laſting Death.

Song.

Calliope invited to ſing.

Thyrſis. Calliope.

Thyrſis. S*Ing divine* Calliope,
  Enrich our Quire
With thy ſweet voice and mellow Lyre,
And Gods *that liſten to the ſound,*
While Orbes *walke their harmonious Round,*
Shall learne to tune their Spheares *by* thee.
Calliope. *Ah me, I cannot ſing,*
  No chearefull note
C*an cleare my ſad untuned throat,*
And then my Lute *is ſo decayd,*
Satyrs will ſtart and be afraid,
At the wild diſcord of the ſtring:

Thyrſis. *On yonder trembling bough,*
Sad Philomel,
Her cheape and frequent tale did tell,
But raviſht with thy pleaſant ſong.
Liſp'd all thy Muſicke *on her tongue,*
And hath forgot her ſtory now.

Calliope. *Poore* Philomel *I pitty thee.*
O twice deceived,
Of honour *and of* Tune *bereav'd.*
The ſalvage Tereus *did thee wrong,*
But yet he left thee ſtill thy ſong,
And now thou oweſt that loſſe to me.

Thyrſis. *Faire* Nymph *it is no paine*
To change for gaine.

Chorus. *Then let our muſicke mixe their loud*
Harmonious aires, and make one cloud.
That joining Tunes *with* Tunes *we may,*
Each ſtill enjoy their owne,& each each others lay.

Dialogue.

Thyrſis. Cloris.

Cloris. I Preethy *Thyrſis* tell me true
What did I when I firſt lov'd you?
Thyrſis. Then firſt thy breaſt became to be.
Great *Cupids* Throne. *Clo:* Pray who is he?
Thyrſis. A Beauteous *Boy,* whoſe Ivory Bow,
And ſhafts in *Lovers Boſoms* grow.
Cloris. O he's a wondrous cruell gueſt.
That makes a *Quiver* of a *Breaſt.*

Thyrſis. Both *Bow*, and *Shafts*, & *Boy* doe dwell
In Lovers Breaſts. *Clo*: I preethy the,
How can a Boy be bred in me,
Who ſtill profeſſe *Virginity*?
Thyrſis. In thee or I, or any one alive,
The amorous *Boy* may grow and thrive.
Cloris. Fye *Thyrſis* , fye, no more Ile ſeeke,
Nor will I love thee now this weeke.
Thyrſis. Deare *Cloris* why? *Clo.* Delude me ſo?
As if a *Boy* in thee could grow,
I am not I ſo ſoone beguild,
To thinke that men may be with child.
Tis not a ſluggiſh *Boy* that ſeekes
To be matur'd by forty weekes.
His *body* is a *ſubtle fire*,
Inform'd and quickned by deſire,
Love me this Inſtant, and this inſtant you
Get him, conceive him, and bring forth too.
Cloris. When firſt my *labour* did begin,
Why didſt not call the *Neighbours* in?
Thyrſis. No forraigne aide we need to prove.
Our ſelves are *Midwives* to our *Love.*
Cloris. Strange *Riddle love*, whoſe birth's perplex,
And make us *change* and *ſhift* our *ſexe*.
Men may be *Mothers* to deſire,
And *Virgins* pure may be his *Sire*.

Iriſh-love Song.

F*Or Creeſhes ſake come pity me.*
O Hone, *iſh tis ty* Love *and be*?
Phair iſh ti promiſh and ti vow?
I truſht em neder noder *now*.

But all iſh goe, and tou unkind,
Doſh print ti trote *and* ſett *in wina:*
Fee Donnell *fee, i time repent,*
Now by ti hant, o Hone *I'me ſpent.*
Not tat I dye mine hart iſh ſore,
But being deat *can* love *no* more.

To my Lord B. *of* Ch. *when I preſented him a Play.*

My Lord,

VVHo *ſingle* Leafes before, now *heaps* hath reard,
And from one *Beaſt* hath ventur'd at a *Herd*:
Hoping that Altar which indulg'd a Roome
To the *foule Oxe*, will toth'*foule Hecatombe*.
And that his *Gyant* need not acceptance feare,
Cauſe 'tis ill ſhapt, for ſo his *Pigmies* were.
For though the ſtraine be greater now, and proud,
And the *ſmall* vapour ſwell'd into a *Cloud*;
Yet ſtill as was the *droppe* ſo is the *ſhower*,
And all th'ill ſent oth'*Garland* was ith'*Flower*.
Since then *ſmall* Parcels ſhew the greater, and
We gueſſe th'*whole* Monſter by its *face* or hand.
Since by *leſſe* papers, Sir, your judgement may
Collect what Prodigie will be the Play:
Let like his doubts your candour be allow'd,
And that cleare Beame melt or expell his cloud.
There are who poize our Lumpe with their leaſt dramme,
And ſhut up comedy in Epigram.
There are whoſe each line a volume growes,
And can thruſt all our *Garden* in their *Roſe*,

Sir, I could name you many wits ſo bigge,
They could preſent you *Groves* for this *dry* Twigge.
There you might walke in ſhades,& every Bough,
Would crown the pious Dew which made it grow.
When here the Plant hath hardly *bulke* for fire,
And ſet here foure yeares ſince is ſcarce a Brier.
Yet let it ſtill grow on, you let *thornes* ſtand,
Which growth enables but to *offend* your hand.
Nature lets *Serpents* live, although they bring
Nought but more *poiſon*, and enlarge their *ſting*.
Your *sikilfull* hand may file the *Rude ſtone pure*,
And from that *poiſon* may create a *cure*.

To Dr. F. Deane of Ch. Ch. now Vicechancellour of Oxford, *upon the Same occaſion.*

NOt that I begge degree, as underſtood,
To bring a *Trifle* and receive a *Hood*;
I nere expect a *Harveſt* from one *ſeed*,
Or a faire *Sheafe* where I but plant a weede.
Yet ſure I might begge titles onely lent
To *obey* in *ſtate*, *ſubmit* in *Ornament*.
The ambition's lawfull here, ſince 'tis your praiſe,
If all your *flowers* are *Roſes*, all *Trees* B*ayes*.
Thus you may ſeat him high in his faign'd Queens
High as her ſelfe, and yet both kneele to you. (view,
Be't then your honour onely to have found,
How to make *Princes* S*ubjects*, and *how crown'd*.

To my Lord C. An. 1640.

OUr feares are ſhortned now, and while eyes;
Mourne a ſet Sun, we ſee another riſe,
Your bright approach cleares all, and forbids they
Should *dread* a *Night*, who do but *change* their *day.*
Know your great Father is ſupply'd in you,
The Casket's loſt, yet we the Jewell view.
We miſſe not the *Perfections*, but their *Place*,
Tis the ſame *Beauty* in *another Face*,
You keepe the Seale ſtill each your Act hath in't,
*S*omething that ſavours Royall, like that Print,
Your juſt wills law, and your command due Taxe,
And ſtill you ſtampe *Decrees*; though not in *wax.*
We begge of you we may the danger beare,
*S*ince the *ſame S*tarre moves in another *Spheare*;
We hope our Teares may leſſen with your will,
*S*ince the pure *Current* runnes in *Chryſtall* ſtill.
If not our Teares moſt willingly obey,
You may command *each droppe* into a *Sea.*

*To my freind M*r J. F. *at Leyden.*

IF my laſt Letter *drown'd* or *ſhipwrackt* be,
Or like its Maſter never ſaw the *S*ea,
What fate ſo ere it ſuffer'd, I have choſe
To ſee if *Verſe* hath better lucke then *Proſe.*
I ſend no *Trafficke* o're, no *thrifty ware*,
Which quits the danger by'ts *increaſe* and *ſhare.*
Fortune (I thanke her) ſaves me all that paine,
He cannot *looſe* by *S*eas that cannot *gaine.*
When I trucke *Turkey-ſilkes*, or *Indian gold*,
Then *threaten* rockes, and may the Barke not *hold*:

But let that *voyage* ſtill ſucceſſfull be,
Which covets nought beyond the Seas but *Thee*.
And, gentle Pirates, let your valour know,
To take the *Booties*, but let *Friendſhip* goe.
But if when large and greater ruines call,
My Letters too muſt have their *fate*, their *fall*.
There ſtill remaines one way to quit that care,
Come ſee my *breaſt* & thou ſhalt reade them *there*.
For ſpight of *Angry winds*, and Pirates Art,
I ſcorne to finde a *Shipwracke* in my heart.

To my Lady Ch.

Madam,

ARiv'd at *Oxford* we can ſadly view,
How much they ſuffer who are ſnatch'd from (you:
Yet thus *depriv'd*, we ſtill reſerve ſome ſence,
Though we leave you, we bring your favours thence,
Your bounty ſtill diſpenſ'd, appeard ſtil new,
As if that bounty like your *Beauty* grew,
Eeach meale appear'd a *Herd*, and ſo well ſtor'd,
As we had ſeene whole *paſtures* on your Board.
Nor were they *ſingle* meales, for where you dine
The Table's Altar, and the Parlour ſhrine,
There th'Oxe as bleſt't as in the *Temple* dies,
And joyes when he is made your ſacrifice.
And when fate chaſt *Doves* to your charger drives,
There falls more *Innocent* then were their *lives*.
Your feaſt now ended, Madam, all's not paſt,
You feed your *Eyes* as you have fed our *Taſt*.
Clouds wrought ſo nicely we had ſworne 'twould (raine.
But that your *Beauty* drew all up againe.

There *Heaven* ſo *faire*,& *Starres* ſo *true* appeare,
  Aſtronomers need ſeeke no *other Spheare.*
Your *Needle* caſts that *sky* with ſo rich grace,
As if your Copy meant to excell the face.
And now we climbe two ſtorie heights to ſee
How large *Art proves* in her *Epitome.*
A *Cloſet* where no *fucus* comes, no *Paint,*
To daube a *Fury*, and create a *Saint.*
No *bought Complexion* there, no ſuch ſage Plot,
As where the *good face* lies i'th *Gally Pot.*
Bookes are the *Objects* there, and yet none ly
Like famous *Palmerin*, or ſtout *Sir Guy.*
No doughty *Don Quixote*, like thoſe that fight,
With *Warlicke Wind mill*, & then riſe up *Knight.*
The Bookes are pious, and their owners are
Themſelves *profeſſers*, *Beauties* of the *Chaire.*
Now after theſe we ſaw, but there we breake,
  They ſee not *Wonders* who can *ſee* and *ſpeake.*

To the ſame.

Madam,

AS thoſe that taſt *halfe-ſweetes* & joyes begun
From thoſe *ſhort Twilights* thruſt a *full grown Sun*,
  As our *Pretences* to a ſtore
  Onely create an *itch* of more,
    And we have *leſſe*,
    By that *increaſe.*
So when I heare ſome croſſe deſigne
Durſt interrupt your ſacred line,
Which deſtin'd was to let us ſee,
Your papers rich as your *Embrodery*,

And that your *Needle* then
Had vanquiſht beene by th' *Pen.*
We ſigh to looſe a bliſſe ſo nigh,
Halfe Joyes the Emblems are of Miſery.
Though then imperfects that deſigne,
And our *Gold* yet ly hid i'th *Mine*,
We dare not ſay we miſſe,
Be your *Intents* our *Bliſſe:*
Remembrances from you ſhall ſtand,
'Bove *Volumes* wrote by any other hand.

To the ſame.

Madam,

TIS an injuſtice *Cambridge* will not owne:
You needs muſt be admir'd,or but halfe known.
Your preſence may command reſpect and price,
Elſe *Jewells* doe want *luſtre*, or *men Eyes*,
The *Shire* was then turnd all into the Fennes,
Schollers to *Tygers*, *Colledges* to *Dennes:*
Elſe *Antique Manuſcripts* had beene laid by,
And *Reverend* Monſters which in Parchment ly,
Nor each inquiſitive braine impar'd the growth,
Of gray decayes wrought by ſome Granſire moath:
You had beene all the object, who gaze int
Confeſſe they never read a fairer print.
Next ſince you ſlender *Piles* to *Columnes* raiſe,
And honour truth with the faire name of praiſe.
Let me aſſure you, Madam, all our might,
Is but a weake attempt to doe you right.
Tis but a faint Reflexion, nor may paſſe
But as your *Beauty* is ſhowne leſſe by th' Glaſſe.

They that arraigne a chaſt and virtuous name,
And ſit upon the *Life and Death of Fame.*
Seſſions of *beauties* will admire your ore,
And *Juries* of *twelve Ladies* praiſe you more.
Then for your *Votes*, ſhould mine be like his ſtate,
Who *dreamt* of *Miters* and was *Biſhop* ſtraight.
In all that honour'd pompe ſtill you ſhould ſee
Lawne ſleeves ſubmit to your *chaſt Tiffany*.
But if ſome ſullen ſtarre confine this Trunke,
To *Colledge Hermite*, or a *cloiſter'd Munke*,
Still ſhall my zeale retir'd preſume to paint,
You as its wonder now, ſo then its *Saint*.

To the ſame.

Madam.

REcover'd by your pow'rfull *prayers* I ſend
Some ſhort reflexions of the *health* you *lend*:
A great Aſſemblies Vote wove in one cloud,
Had beene of weaker force, although more loud,
Your cloſet wiſhes ſhelter gifts divine,
Where ere you pray you make the place a *Shrine*.
Tis not a Congregation that can heale,
The *Bleſſing*'s not toth' *Number*, but toth' zeale.
Your *ſingle* ſigh may for a *miriad* ly,
One Saint like you ſtands for a Hierarchy,
Your Prayer hath *Balſame* in't, and can endure
Or to be call'd a Sacrifice or cure.
Boaſt I a *double* Title then ſince you,
Deigne me your *Servant*, & your *Patient* too.

To the ſame, being his Valentine.

Madam,

I ſhould not *chide* my paine, nor torments *rue,*
Had they allow'd my *Pen* addreſſe to *you.*
But my diſtemper now muſt weare this brand,
The wound wch op'd my *Arme*, ſtill ſhut my *hand.*
Lame Offerings ſtill *enrage,* where they would
Th'are *Adoration* halfe, & halfe *Diſeaſe.* (*pleaſe,*
Then fitter t'was to let my Homage fall,
Then date that ſervice from ſome *Hoſpitall.*
Now, though I not converſe with *Salves,* nor feele
My old acquaintance with the *Launce* and *ſteele:*
Though each wound weare the face of ſafety in't,
And all my *Linnen* is no longer *Lint.*
Yet theſe are *empty* Triumphs, and all this
Speakes but the Proeme to a fairer bliſſe.
I weare your name, firſt worne in my firme mind,
Here *chance* had *Eyes,* and *fortune* was not *blind.*
Long ſafety waites me now, and a health *ſure,*
Your name was ſtill my *glory,* now my *Cure.*

To the ſame.

Madam,

COuld there be found a man that brings
Feathers to hire, and *hackney wings,*
Could we procure a power that might
Transforme a *Journey* to a *flight.*
Then ſwift as Eagles would we fly,
Or Arrowes through the empty sky.

And our ambition would be than,
To place thoſe *feathers* in your *fan*.
But ſince no *Feathers* we acquire,
Nor *Wings* but thoſe of our *deſire*,
We muſt ſtill languiſh here, ſtill ſtay
To love the *Journey*, hate the *Way*.
Like Seamen who at diſtance court,
With eager ſmiles the neighbour Port;
But if a *Rock* or *Shelf* awaite,
They *looſe* the *Land* to ſhun the *Fate*.
Thus ſome a Martyrs wreath deſire,
But *leave* the Crown to ſcape the *fire*,
This is our caſe, we ſee our *bliſſe*,
But dare not print the *Precipice*.
For horſe and man ſtick faſt and ſtay
Like fierce S. *Georges* of the way,
Rooted like Statues there they ſtand,
Like *Trophies* of the *Carver's hand*.
Hang forth a Buſh, and one may ſwear
They'are but the *ſign* o'th' *Traveller*.
He ſpurres ſtill, but his horſe moves down
No more then that ſtampt ith' *Half-Crown*.

On the Author of Love Melancholy.
Second Edition.

L*Ove* who till now was *Looſneſſe* and *hot flame*,
Is here made *Warmth*, and joyes he is grown
The *Wanton's ſober* here: this Artiſt brings, (*Tame*.
The *Boy* as *comely* ſtill, but *clips* his *wings*.
Look on his *Bluſhes*, his cheeks modeſt fires.
There's the ſame *Roſe*, onely't hath loſt the *Briers*.

He ſtill his *Ivory Bow*, ſtill keeps his *Dart*,
Shoots here too, but with *Judgement* & more *Art*:
He is not here call'd *Luſt* or *Amorous Staines*,
As if the *God ith' Shrine*, were *Sinne ith' Veines*.
Nor yet a *perfect birth*, he muſt not ſhine
Blind in his Mothers Armes, yet *ſee* in thine,
Thus th'Author 'twixt *us* and *Cupid*, He
Nor takes from *Man*, nor flatters *Deity*.
But like an *Equall* flame, doth light impart
To ſhew the *Beauty*, yet not hide the *Wart*,
For had he made *love good*, and our deſire
Without our *Reaſon*, and *wills* aw entire.
Then *Virtue* had been *Nature*, and we bin
Good without *praiſe*, 'cauſe without *Power to Sin*.
Lucrece had loſt the merit of her care,
Were ſhe as eaſily *chaſt*, as ſhe was *faire*.
Ice had been rank'd with *Virtue* and one *Row*
Had chronicled *chaſt Virgins*, and *cold Snow*,
Romanes that ſtory Virgins free from ſin
Had ſearcht their *Gardens* and put *Lillies* in.
Roſes had then heard *Modeſt*, and one line
Made *Veſta's bluſhes* and her *Rubies* joyn.
And the dejected Goddeſſe weep to ſee,
Her *Chryſtals pure*, and *innocent as ſhe*.
  No ſuch *Poſition* then, for here our love
May be or that oth' *Sparrow*, or *chaſt* Dove.
The flames here drawn nor *good* nor *bad*, but are
Apt or to ſhine a *Comet* or a *Starre*.
They are *themſelves indifferent*, and may
Riſe to a *Raging Blaze*, or *Temp'rate Ray*.
The *Picture* doubtfull like the *Face* may prove
In thy Breaſt either *Devil*, or *God* of love.

No *Galen* here that may confine the ſoule
To th'*Temper*, & call's *Vice* when the *Bodies foule*,
Potions might ſo make *honeſt men*, and aw
Our crimes like Scarres, & *Plaiſters* ſtand for *law*.
Feavers and *luſt* were one, and both would heale,
By *Julips*, and men take *Pils* not to *ſteale*.
The judgement's ſubtler here, and hath allow'd
The parcht Moon chaſt light wrapt in that black
Here *Scythiäs* breaſts of hot deſires have ſēce, (cloud
Nor with their *Furres* ſtill put on *Innocence*.
Yet he ſtill grants theſe flames may ſooner grow,
In *Southerne Sulphure* then in *Northerne Snow*.
And that *Chaſt thoughts* in *Italy* are rare,
And that each *Turtle* proves a *Phœnix* there.
He envies no mans *virtue*, as none's *Sin*,
Yet knowes that ſome an *Eaſier Conqueſt* win.
All may be chaſt for him, yet tis well knowne,
Our *Jewell* is ſome Climates *Common ſtone*.
Thus the wiſe Author makes his judgement ſure,
Allowes all *Rich*, but thoſe that will be *Poore*.

To my Lord B. of S. he being at Yorke.

My Lord,

WHen you were laſt at *London* 'twas our feare,
Leſt the ſame *Rout* which threatned *Majeſty*,
Might ſtrike at *you*: 'tis but the ſame Career
To aime at *Crownes*, and at the *Miter* fly.
For ſtill the *Scepter* and the *Croſier ſtaffe*
Together *fall*, 'cauſe they're together *ſafe*:

Yet while the ſence of Tumults deepeſt grow,
And preſſe in *us*, no doubts in *you* ariſe;
There ſtill dwelt *calme* and *quiet* in your *Brow*,
As our *Diſtractions* were your *Exerciſe*:
And taught us, all *aſſaults*, all *Ills* to beare,
Is not to fly from Danger, but from Feare.

That *Courage* waites you ſtill, ſome meerly rode
From *Tumults* and the Peoples franticke Rage,
Counting their *ſafety* by their *farre abode*,
And ſo grew *ſafer ſtill* at the next ſtage:
But 'tis not ſpace that ſhelters you, the reſt
Secure themſelves by *Miles*, you by your Breaſt.

And now my Lord, ſince you have *London* left,
Where Merchants wives *dine* cheap; & as cheap *ſup*,
Where Fooles themſelves have of their Plate bereft,
And ſigh and drinke in the *courſe* Pewter cuppe.
Where's not a Silver *Spoone* left, not that given
When the firſt *Cockney* was made *Chriſtian*. (than

No not a *Bodkin*, *Pincaſe*, all they ſend
Or carry all, what ever they can happe-on,
Ev'n to the pretty *Pick Tooth*, whoſe each end
Oft purg'd the Relickes of *continuall* Capon.
Nothing muſt ſtay behind, nothing muſt tarry,
No not the *Ring* by w^{ch} deare *Joane* tooke *Harry*.

But now no *City-Villaine*, though he were
Free of a *Trade* and *Treaſon*, dares intrude,
No ſawcy Prentiſes aſſault you there,
Engag'd by their *Indentures* to be *rude*:
Whom for the *two* firſt yeares their Maſters uſe.
Onely to cry downe *Biſhops*, & cleanſe *Shooes*.

There as in ſilent Orbes you may ride on,
And as in *Charles* his *Wain* move without jarres,
Your *Coach* will ſeem your *Conſtellation*,
Not drawn about by *Horſes*, but by *ſtarres*.
Till ſeated near the *Northern Pole*, we thence
Judge your *ſeate ſpheare*, *you* its *Intelligence*.

To my Lord B. of S. on New-yeares Day, 1643.

THough with the courſe and motion of the year,
Not onely *Starres* and *Sun*
Move where they firſt begun ;
But *Things* and *Actions* do
Keep the ſame *Circle* too,
Return'd to the ſame point in the ſame *Sphear*.

Griefs and their *Cauſes* ſtill are where they ſtood,
'Tis the ſame *Cloud* and *Night*,
Shuts up our *Joyes* and *light*:
Warres as remote from Peace,
And *Bondage* from *Releaſe*,
As when the *Sun* his laſt yeares Circuite rode.

Though *Sword & Slaughter are not parted* hence,
But we like *yeares* and *times*,
Meet in *unequall* chimes,
Now a *Cloud* and then a *Sun*,
Undoe and are *undone*,
Let looſe and ſtopt by th'Orbes intelligence.

Though *Combates* have ſo thick & frequent ſtood,
That we at length may raiſe,
A *Calendar* of dayes,

And ſtile them foul or fair,
By their *ſucceſſe*, not *Aire* :
And ſign our Feſtivals by *Rebels bloud*.

Though the ſad yeares are cloth'd in ſuch a dreſſe,
That *times* to *times* give place,
And ſeaſons ſhift their grace,
Not by our *Cold* or *Heat*,
But Conqueſt or Defeate :
And loſſe makes *Winter*, *Summer*, *happineſſe*.

Nay though a greater Ruine yet await ;
Such as the *Active* curſe, *The*
Sent to make *worſt* times *worſe*, *new*
Deaths *keen* and *ſecret* dart, *diſeaſe.*
The Shame of Hearbs and art,
Which proves at once our *Wonder* and our *Fate*.

Though theſe conſpire to ſully our requeſt,
And labour to deſtroy,
And kill your *New-yeares* joy.
Yet ſtill your wonted art
Will keep our wiſh in *heart*.
Proportion'd not toth' rimes but to your breaſt.
Thus in the ſtorm you *Calme* and *Silence* find,
Nor *Sword* nor *Sickneſſe* can approach your mind.

To Miſtreſſe D. C.

SInce *Crowns* or *Laurels* ever be,
Enſignes of *Wit* or *Majeſty*.
And onely cuſtome makes this hold
To be of *Bayes* and that of *Gold*.
Elſe *Linnen* might have had the fate,
Since 'tis more *ſoft*, to ſhew more ſtate.

For *Perſian Kings* have no more bliſſe
Ith' *Diadem*, then *Cydaris*,
And the ſame awe it carries in't,
Though this ſpeake *Sempſtreſſe* that the *Mint*,
You wonder now where I would tend,
And where theſe *Crownes* and *Scepters* end.
Know I can nought but Glories breath,
Girt in this ſtate your *Curious Wreath.*
But as the *Wreath Kings* Temples bound,
So was the *Oxe* for the *Altar* crown'd.
Though then in ſtate your Preſent make me riſe,
The *Prince* you crowne is ſtill your *Sacrifice.*

To L: C: H: P.

Being at his Quarters on his Birth-day.

WHat Number in thy *Yeares* this *Day* may weare,
Be't the fond *Nurſes* or the *Midwives* care:
Thy *Date* enlarges, and thy *Age* ſucceeds,
Not by Account in *Calenders*, but *deeds.*
Thou that in *Conqueſts* didſt thy *Non-age* bathe,
And like *Alcides combate* in thy *Swathe*: (ſpent,
Whoſe earely yeares have in pitcht Feilds beene
Who from the *Cradle* marcht into the *Tent.*
He that had ſeene thy *Keinton*-courage, when
Slaughter had preſt the groaning feild with men.
He that had ſeene thy Arme bedew thy ſide,
And thee *undaunted* gaze ith' Crimſon Tide:
Thy Sword cut ſhort, and ſtill thou nothing feele,
As if thy *Fleſh* had like thy *Sword beene Steele.*
Thy wriſt ſurpriz'd afreſh, and yet no bore,
As if the Bullets durſt not hurt thee more·

When after theſe thy Heate could not endure
To be entreated to depart ſecure.
He that had ſeene all this, muſt *needs* confeſſe,
Death *cannot* fright thee coucht *in any* Dreſſe.
To trace thy valour, and compile all theſe,
I ſhould diſpatch my Muſe beyond the Seas:
Thy home Adventure's great, nor leſſe Deſigne
Was that which leaves thee fam'd beyond the *Rhine*.
Thus a *mixt* Fame waites thee, which thou may'ſt raiſe,
From *Foraigne* Trophies, or *Domeſtick* Bayes:
Then ceaſe to count thy *Yeares* by *any* Day,
For thou art *young*, but thy Renowne is *Gray*.

To C. T. S.

TWas once the buſineſſe of my Search to ſee
Where I might find *Valour*, with *Poeſie*.
But wearied out, and having try'd my view,
I find that mixture onely met in you.
Old *Homer* raunts, as he to th'Campe being ſent,
Tooke *Pay* in *Agamemnon's* Regiment.
He writes ſo feirce, that when his Poem's heard,
Me thinkes the Man had *Priam* by the Beard.
And that himſelfe had beene of ſo much force,
T'ave beene a Gallant Foale oth'*Trojan* Horſe.
But he good Soule was borne ſo long behind,
He had not in that Warre Eyes to be *blind*.
Nor was our *Virgil* of the *Valiant* breed,
He talkes all *Trumpets*, but preferres his *Reed*,
True, Little *Horace fought*, but lik'd the ſport
So well, he ſoone exchang'd the *Campe* for th'*Court*.
Tis thought had not the *Wight* got thence the faſter,
He might have been the Tribunes *Quarter-Maſter*.

Ovid as farre as Sages underſtand,
Was nere ſo much as one of the *Traine-Band*.
Not ſo much *Souldier* as our *City Men*,
Whom *Wives* and *Caudles* bravely heighten, when
They muſter *Hornes*, & what their *Dames admire*,
March to the Front, then *Winke*, & then give *Fire*.
Catullus, and *Tibullus*, and that other,
Whoſe Name for want of Rime to't, I muſt ſmother,
Put them together pray, if you can get 'em.
And if you thinke they meane to fight eene let'em.
But *Lucan* (Gallant Man) he ſtoutly ſtood,
Till his Soule floated through a Streame of bloud,
Till all his Veines rob'd of their Crimſon juice,
Dry'd up, by th'Avarice of an open Sluce.
Yet his ſad Fate trac't out no valiant Path,
His fall was ſullied by his *eaſie* Bath.
Thus you exceed them all, for though you write,
Like *them*, 'tis onely like *your ſelfe* you fight.

A SATYR OCCASIONED BY THE AUTHOR'S Survey of a Scandalous Pamphlet Intituled, *The Kings Cabinet Opened*.

WHen *Lawes* and *Princes* are deſpiſ'd, and cheape,
When *High-pacht Miſcheifes* all are in the heape;

Returnes muſt ſtill be had; *Guilt* muſt ſtrive more
Though not to' *Enoble*, yet to *Enlarge her ſtore*.
Poore *cheape Deſigne*! the *Rebell* now muſt flie
To *Packet Warre*, to P*aper-Treacherie*.
The *Baſiliskes* are turn'd to *Cloſet-Spies*,
And to their P*oiſnous* adde *Enquiring* eyes.
As *Snakes* & *Serpents* ſhould they caſt their ſting,
Still the ſame *Hate*, though not ſame P*oiſon fling*
And their *Vaine teeth* to the ſame point addreſſe,
With the like *Rancor*, though unlike *Succeſſe:*
So thoſe that into undiſcerning veines,
Have thrown their *Venom-deep*, & their dark ſtains,
By *fraile Advantages*, ſtill find it good,
To keepe th'Infection *high* ith'Peoples Bloud.
"For *Active Treaſon* muſt be *doing* ſtill:
"Leſt ſhe *Unlearne* her *Art* of *doing ill*.
Who now have waded through all P*ublicke* Law,
Will breake through *Secrets*, & profane their Law.
Know you that would their *Act* and *Statute* ſee,
Nature kept *Court*, and made it her *Decree*.
When *Angels* talke, all their *conceipts* are brought
From *Mind* to *Mind*, & they dicourſe by *Thought*.
A *Cloſe Idea* moves and *Silence* flies
To *poſt* the *Meſſage* and *diſpatch Replies*.
And though *Ten Legions*, in the Round are bent,
They onely *heare* to whom the Talk *was meant*.
Now though, in *Men* a different Law controules,
And S*oules* are not *Embaſſadours* to S*oules:*
Nature gave Reaſon power to find a way,
Which none but theſe could venture to betray.
"Two cloſe ſafe Paths ſhe did bequeath to men,
"In P*reſence*, *Whiſper*; and at *Diſtance* Penne.

Publick *Decrees* and *Thoughts* were elſe the ſame,
Nor went it to *Converſe* but to *Proclaim*.
Conceipts were elſe but *Records*, but by this care
Our *Thoughts* no *Commons*, but *Incloſures* are:
What bold *Intruders* then are who aſſail,
To cut their Prince's *Hedge*, and break his *Pale*?
That ſo *Unmanly gaze*, and dare be ſeen
Ev'n then, when He converſes with his *Queen*?
Yet, as who breaks the Tall Bank's riſing Side,
And all the Shore doth levie with the Tyde,
Doth not confine the Waves to any Bound,
But the whole Stream may gain upon the Ground;
So theſe, *ſtreight* Proſpect ſcorn, & *Private* View,
" The Crime is ſmall that doth engage a Few.
Theſe Print their ſhame, they muſt compleat their Sin:
Not take ſome *Waves*, and ſhut the *Sluce* agen.
But, to the *Raging of their Sea*, they do
Let in the *Madneſſe of the People too*. (*Vail*,
But, 'cauſe their crime muſt wear a *Mask and*
And fain the Serpent would conceal his *Tail*.
No ſooner comes the *Libell* to our view,
But ſee a *ſtay'd demure, grave Preface* too:
Which ſeems to ſhew they would not thus intrude,
Nor preſſe ſo farre but for the *Publick* good.
But as ſome *London Beggers* uſe to ſtand,
In *Grecians Coates* with Papers in their hand,
Who are (as them indiff'rent parts we meet)
Engliſh at Home, but ſolemn *Greeks* ith' ſtreet.
Of whom *uncloath'd*, and when the truth is heard,
Conſtantinople onely knowes the *Beard*.
So this *ſly Masker*, lay its *Tinſell* by,
Is onely *Painted Zeal*, and *Pageantry*.

We need not let our *Satyr* here compute,
How it prophanes God in his *Attribute*. *See the*
But for its *Light* it need no *Buſhell* call. *Preface.*
A *Semeſtreſſe Thimble* would *Eclypſe* it all.
O ! in what meekneſſe it pretends to creep !
How well the *Tyger* perſonates the *Sheep* !
It not Returnes ill Language to the King,
Though the next Lines the *Pſalmes* againſt Him bring.
Then it to th' *Buſineſſe* comes, and lets us know,
Who reads it either is it's *Friend*, or *Foe*.
If *Friend*, the Scandals all muſt true appear :
If *Foe* (alack the man is ne're the neere.)
Foe no light moves, no *Miracles* like theſe,
Hee'l ſay they're not the *Kings* too, if he pleaſe,
And tell us pray, what may'nt your laſt words ſtand,
You counterfeit His *Seal*, why not his *Hand*?
But to admit, We now deduce and bring,
What *after-notes* clearly imply oth'King.
Firſt, They His Conſort from His *Secrets* wreſt: *See*
They do allow the *King*, but not the *Breaſt*, *the firſt*
The Sacred Knot muſt have a Tye and Force, *Annotat.*
To joyn their hands, but yet their Thoughts Divorce.
And, as the Ivy weds her Conſort-Tree,
Though joynd and cloſe their chaſt Embraces be,
Yet in thoſe *Twinnes* and *Circuits* we can find,
No Traffick, no commerce of mind with mind:
So muſt the ſacred Lawes of Marriage pierce,
Here ſhe may *Sprout* and *Grow*, but not *Converſe*.
And like a Plant remov'd by Grafters toyle,
She finds not nuptials, but a change of Soyle.
England to th' Queen Tranſplanted thus muſt prove
No *Forraigne Kingdome*, but a *Forraigne Grove*.

But, leſt this groundleſſe ſeem, they reaſons vex,
And tell the World She's of the Weaker ſex.
In what wilde Braines this madneſſe firſt began!
They're wondrous angry, cauſe the Queen's no Man.
Fond Sirs forbeare, do not the world perplex:
Reaſon and *Judgement* are not things of *Sex.*
Soules and their Faculties were never heard,
To be confin'd to th' *Doublet*, and the *Beard.*
Conſult one Age from this, and you ſhall find
A Queen the Glory of your Annals ſhin'd.
But who to farre and diſtant Objects flies,
Muſt ſay the Sunne wants *Luſtre*, or he *Eyes.*
Our *Preſent injur'd* Queen returns that ſtore,
And doth again, what could be done before:
By the *King's* Judgement, ſhewes Her *own* is Right,
And ſtill ſhe meets His Ray with her own Light.
Thus the *Wiſe King* to *Sheba's Queen* was known,
VVho knew *Him Wiſe* by *Wiſedome* of *her own.*
But as all *Publick* knowledge barr'd muſt be, *See on*
So *Houſhold-Acts* muſt have their myſterie: *in the*
No circumſtance can paſſe, no ſervant made, *firſt*
But muſt be wrapt in *ſilence* and cloſe *ſhade.* *Anno-*
One *place* in Court a Riddle muſt afford, *tation.*
VVorthy a ſecret *Sybils* dark Record.
As the Kings *acts* muſt all their limits prove, *See the*
So their *Reſtraint* & *Reins* muſt check his *Love.* *2. An.*
Eſteems of's Conſort by their *pitch* muſt flie,
Nor muſt He Rate his Dear Queens Health too *high*
He muſt affect thus *farre*, and then no *more*,
Tydes muſt be proportion'd to their *ſhore*;
His *Tenderneſſe* their *Weights* and *Ballance* weare,
By *Graines* and *Scruples* they Confine His Care,

But(Savage) know, there can no Ranſome be
Poys'd with the Health of ſuch a Queen as *Shee.* *See*
She that at once ſuch *weighty* Acts can do, *the* 3. *An.*
That can be *Queen* and yet *negotiate* too.
Send and be *ſent*, and without more demurre,
Be both the *Queen*, and Her *Embaſſadour.*
That gives diſpatch for Ships, and when ſhe pleaſe,
Divides the Empire with the Queen o'th Seas.
Who dares the Threats of any danger ſtand;
The ſtubborn Rock, or the Devouring Sand.
And though the Sea ſwell like Her *fate*, and *Grave*,
Look at her Conſort, and deſpiſe the *Wave.*
The Captive Queen did (thus) the *Tyrant* tell,
I am no Captive ſo my King be well. *Q. Curtius*
By theſe, her worth and Rate is faintly known, *lib.* 3.
Paſt ſtories *bluſh* when ſhe erects Her *own.*
Search *old gray* Annals, you may find at length,
Some Queen in *Vigour*, and her *mid-day ſtrength*;
Who in her injured Conſorts cauſe, referres
To Copies glancing at theſe Acts of *Hers.*
But if *Infirme* and *Sickly* Queens we *ſcanne*,
No ſtory patterns Her, None ever can.
Shew us a Queen fraught with ſuch wide Affaires,
Here private *Weakneſſe*, there a *Kingdom*'s cares,
Perplext and tortur'd from her Reſt and eaſe,
By a *Rebellion here*, there a *Diſeaſe* :
Advice, and *Medcines* at one time we view,
A Counſell-bord, Bord of Phyſitians too :
Yet her Capacious Soul both theſe defeats,
While this Hand holds *Inſtructions*, that *Receipts.*
Theſe are our fam'd Queens Crimes, but yet one more
Muſt be the main *Ingredient* of the Store. *See the* 3. *An.*

Wᶜʰ ſeems to preſſe ſo *deep*, there's nought ſo bright,
But this may ſully all it's Luſtre quite.
'Tis her R*eligions Care* : She Tryes Her Pow'rs
To keep that ſtill, do not we ſo for Ours ?
Why to one *Face* ſo diff'rent *ſhapes* have bin,
What *Virtue* is in *us*, in *Her* is *Sin*.
Our Diff'rent Faiths did long together grow,
And neither ſuffer'd, neither loſſe did know :
And like a ſtream, which 'twixt two fields doth flow,
Which as it *Moiſtens*, ſo *Divides* them too :
So did the Kingdoms Law throw *Dew* and *growth*,
In *weight* and juſt *proportion* unto both,
And like a parting Current ſlide along,
To keep them *wide*, that neither neither *Wrong*.
Our Faiths were then but *Two*, but ſince a ſp'rit
So many *Muſhrome Sects* rais'd in a Night :
The *Proteſtant* (as ſhe could Parties gain
Who unconcern'd were in the *Dregs* and *ſtaine*,)
Did recommend her *Votaries*, and bring
Her faith to *its Defender*, our J*uſt King*.
Who with ſuch Z*eale* hath kept her rites entire,
As well from *Languiſhing*, as from *ſtrange* Fire :
That ſtill the Cenſer ſavours its true Sent,
Without *Acceſſion*, yet no *Perfume ſpent*,
The happy Martyrs find their Faith had ſtood
In *Him*, as when they bath'd it in their bloud.
They joy to ſee, that He his God adores
Not at *High Places*, nor at *Threſhing-floores*.
But ſpight of Scandals payes his homage ſtill
In the *Juſt* Beauty of the *Sion-Hill*.
The *Other* Sects, though as in Common-Fields
Which *Swine*, and *Horſes*, *Mules* and *Oxen* yields,

Who though at *Diſtance feed*, *Approaching claſh*,
And diſproportion'd ſhapes together daſh.
So they, though one *Rebellion* them ſuſtaine,
Themſelves *Accuſe*, and are *Accus'd again*.
Could they comply, then poſſibly might dwell
Some *faint Agreement*, though no *Peace* in Hell.
Now, theſe nice Taſts no *Forraign* aids indure,
(Their *Rebell Scots* are *Engliſh Rebels* ſure,)
No, nor the *Papiſts*: much it with them ſticks,
Leſt theſe Mens *Punniards* ſhould be *Hereticks*:
Their ſoules would be *prophan'd*, and clean *undun*,
Should they be ſlain by an *Idolatrous* Gun.
Goe lay your *Vizar* by, your Masking ſtuffe,
The Devil is *tyr'd*, and Hell hath *laugh'd* enough:
The world deſcries the *Cheat*, 'tis quickly known
They no Faith *hate*, who have *Reſolv'd* on None.
Theſe may not fight: that is, the King you'd have
Tamely forſake his *Crown*, and be your *Slave*.
His Eaſier Subjects long agoe you gat,
All who approv'd your *Baite*, and ſwallow'd *that*.
Indeed, *Diſcerning* ſoules the ſnare forſook,
And through the *Wave* did ſtill deſcry the *Hooke*:
But yet ſo *cloſe* deſignes were caſt about,
Your Race was *half runne* e're the King *ſet out*.
Yet you *complain*, and guilty feares do *gnaw*,
Leſt you ſhould *ſcanted* be for *Space* and *Law*:
Conſcious, though you your cauſe did forward meet,
Its Guilt and Sin hangs *Plummets* at its feet.
  Are not the *Jewes*, *Walloones*, the *Turks*, and all
Whom from as *Diff'rent Gods* as Lands you call,
An Army *ſtrong* to keep the cauſe in heart,
But that the King muſt with His *Subjects* part?

Can no Acceſſion ſo much ſafety ſend,
But you will *dread* Him ſtill before you end?
Sometimes at Ebbes his God doth let Him ſtand,
That ſo the Reſcue may declare His hand. *See on in*
But,what(you hope)may make yͤ King's ſide pauſe *the*
Is what He writes about the *Penall Lawes*. 4. *Annota-*
Poor,ſhallow ſoules! I deem it one from hence *tion.*
To forfeit *Loyalty*, and forfeit *Sence*.
Shall ſuch as waſt their Bloud be quite debarr'd,
And kept without the *Pale* from all *Reward*?
Shall fame report, ſhall after Ages tell,
So juſt a King regards not who do dwell?
But you pretend, this was a *State-Decree*,
Nor without Pow'r which *made* may cancel'd be.
The King *nev'r* ſayes it ſhall: but cannot doubt
That when His God hath brought His work about,
And ſhifted *Jarres* and *Tumults* into *Eaſe*,
And ſet him 'midſt his Councell in High Peace:
Their *joynt* united ſuffrage will think fit
To give *this* Act, or ſomething Great as it.
But ſee, His *Pardon* then to *Ireland* came,
(Wild *Rebels*) offers He not you the *ſame*?
He holds ſtill out the *ſame* freſh chearfull Ray,
You ſhut your *VVindowes* and *exclude* the Day:
Embrace the *ſhine*, or elſe expect the ſtroak.
The Flint the Sun ne're *melts*, at laſt is *broake*.
But now the Floud-Gates ope, and a free ſluce,
Lets in all ſenceleſſe Doctrines, and wild uſe.
And by *Comparing* what's ſaid *long agoe*,
Finds *Diſproportion* in the *King's Acts now*.
His *paſt* Reſolves it up to *Preſent* brings,
His *Vowes* to *Vowes*, and *Things* to combat *Things*.

A

A *Different* face throughout, and a *freſh* Scene
Succeed: and all his Acts *ſeem* ſhifted clean.
Weak men! who are depriv'd by *Guilt* or chance,
Of all the *lights* of Common Circumſtance;
That have unlearn't that *Actions ſhift* their *Face*,
And date their worth from *Perſons*, *Time*, and *Place*.
And *ſundry ſuch*, from *whoſe Neglects* appear
Acts as *Sinnes there*, which are *Try'd Virtues here*.
For inſtance then: oft as the King reflects
His *Oath's injoyne*, His *People he protects*.
Which *Oathes extent*, *and Circuit* we may view
Spread ore th' *Five Execrable Members* too.
Yet (farre *as't them concernes*) that *Chain* is *broke*
That *Oath* left *Him*, becauſe they left *His Yoake*.
Now of this *Pitch*, and *Size*, do ſtill appear,
All *Aiery* Scruples which are ſtarted there.
  The King *Declared*, He thought you meant no ill,
Say, would you have the King *Declare ſo ſtill*?
  Allow but *different* Circumſtance, and we
  Find, all your *Scandalls* will his *Glories* be.
Now, as the *worſt* things have *ſome* things of *ſtead*,
And ſome *Toades* treaſure *Jewels* in their Head.
So doth this *Libels wombe Girt*, and *contain*.
What though it *compaſſe Round* it cannot *ſtaine*.
Lines of ſo *cleare*, yet ſo *Majeſtick* ſtraine;
A moſt *Tranſparent*, yet a *cloſe-wove* Veine;
Which when we reach its *Senſe*, we may deſcry,
We ſee more by *its Light*, then *our own* Eye.
  So *Phœbus* (when the *Cloud* and *Night* is done)
  Lends us his Light to know he is the Sunne.
Yet this expreſſive clearneſſe is but *barke*,
An *Out-ſide* Sunne which guards us from the dark.

Here the *Bright* Language ſhuts in *Brighter* ſenſe,
Rich Diamonds ſleep within a *Cryſtall* Fence.
Gemmes of that rate, to *Tully* they'd appear
Fit purchaſe *for his Critick* Senates *Eare*.
And their whole Shine in a full Luſtre tends
To God, His Conſcience, Conſort, and his Friends.

THE CLOSE.

No *winding* Characters, no *ſecret* Maze,
Could ſo *perplex*, but they have found their wayes.
They *thred* the Labyrinth: and what to doe?
Whe'r *tends* the Guide? what *purchaſe* in this Clew?
Raſh *Alexander* forc't King *Gordius Knot*, *Q. Curtius*
And ſo in hand found he a *Rope* had got. *lib. 2.*

Elegie.

On the Death of Sir Henry Spelman.

Though *Books*, and *Titles* ſeldome friends appear,
Yet both embrace and twiſt their Graces here,
That while We guide our Griefs and Tears fall right,
Our Sorrow wailes the *Scholar* with the *Knight*.
One that had ſearcht the Kingdome's depth, and ſaw
All ſince it fledg'd, and while it yet lay Raw.
One that had trackt the State, and ſet all down
That paſſ'd ſince the firſt Mitre, and the Crown.
Saxon Decrees, and their firſt Laws he brings,
As he had ſate in Councell with their Kings.
Not one who onely skill'd in Forraigne Names,
Knowes *Tybers* winding, but is loſt in *Thames*.
Whoſe Labours rove, who in a wilde purſuit
Knows *Romulus* well, but ſtands amaz'd at *Brute*.

He knew he could not King and Country pleaſe,
Had he bin only learn'd *beyond the Seas.*
He forraign Countries *knew*, but they were *known*
Not for *themſelves*, but to advance his *own.*
As Merchants *trade* ith' Indies, not *live* there,
Traffick abroad, but *land* their *Prizes here.*
He from whoſe Art our *own* Church Rites ariſe,
Could *Roman* paint or *Attick* Sacrifice?
And with like eaſe his Penſill had expreſt
An *Ancient Abbat*, or *Apollo's Prieſt*,
But then he knew his Sweat imparted ſo
Had done *Greece* juſtice, but let *England* go:
And after all his paines had only dreſt
A *Forraign* Subject in a *Native's* breaſt.
The Care was wiſer here, he would not come
Laviſh *abroad*, and be in debt at *home*:
His Sweat was for his *Country* moſt, the clear
Starre gave *all* Light, but moſt adorn'd *its Sphear.*
As Gemms at *Diſtance* ſeen ſome Clouds t' expell,
But caſt all *Day* and *Sunſhine* in their *Shell.*
  But as He *trac't* the Church, and did unty
Each linke, to ſearch her Genealogie.
So He *Defends* her too, makes his care be
Her *Preſervation*, as *Nativity.*
Knowing this might his Zeale in queſtion call,
To finde her out, onely to let her fall.
And better 'tis that off-ſpring never roſe.
Whoſe Beauty onely doth look faire, and cloſe
But he repaires her falls, ſhe owes more farre
To his wiſe *Pen*, then to the *Rock*, or *Quar.*
  Chuſe then the Temple where thy duſt ſhall fall,
Content with *one*, that haſt preſerved all.

We thanke thee that our Churches ſtand; that We
In one Roofe lodge not with our *Deity*.
That *Parlars* are not *Temples*, that we ſpare
A Place to ſever our *Diſcourſe* from *Prayer*.
That not th'Ox *Crown'd* & *Cook'd* on one board lyes,
That 'tis not one to *Carve* and *Sacrifice*.
But had this fail'd, had this not ſeem'd ſo fine,
Had no *Cathedrall Chamber* bin our *Shrine*,
Then we had met ith' Woods, and ſome faire Hill
Kept Iſraels *Groves*, and *her* high *Places* ſtill.
Birds had been there, and Beaſts, the Preiſt had then
Preach't 'gainſt the *Sparrowes*, & the *Luſtfull Men*.
Wolfes and *Oppreſſors* mixt, the place had lent
Paſture for Lambs, and *ſeates* for th' Innocent.
No ſuch confuſion now, now no raſh Arme
Dares ſeize the *Chappel* to enlarge the *Farme*.
Leſt his offence his Iſſues Plague beget,
As th' *poyſon'd Spring* infects the *Rivulet*.
We not enquire thy *Death*, nor our time ſpend
To know if *Gout* or *Palſie* wrought thy *end*:
We ſee thy *Workes*, and thy Diſeaſe know leſſe
By the *Phyſitians Bills*, then by the *Preſſe*.
Thus tir'd *Arachne* in her Labours lyes,
Weaves out her *Life* into her *Loome*, and *dyes*.

Elegie.

On the Death of Sir Bevile Grenvile.

TO build upon the merit of thy *Death*,
And raiſe thy Fame from thy *expiring Breath*,
Were to ſteale Glories from thy *Life* and tell,
The World, that *Grenvil* onely did *dye* well

But all thy Dayes were faire, the ſame Sun roſe,
The Luſtre of thy *Dawning*, and thy *Cloſe*.
Thus to her Urne th' *Arabian* Wonder flyes,
She lives in *Perfumes*, and in *Perfumes* dyes.
E're ſtormes, & tumults (Names undreaded here)
Could in their Bloome and Infancy appeare,
He in the ſtocke and treaſure of his minde
Had heapes of Courage, and juſt heate combin'd.
Where like the thrifty Ant he kept in ſtore
Enough for *Spring*, but for a *Winter* more.
In Peace he did direct his thoughts on Warr's,
And learn't in *ſilence* how to combat *Jarres*.
And though the Times look't Smooth, & would allow
No tracke of Frowne or Wrincle in their Brow:
Yet his quicke ſight perceiv'd the Age would low'r,
And while the Day was *faire*, fore-ſaw the *Show'r*.
At this the Prudent Augur did provide
Where to *endure* the *ſtorme*, not where to *hide*.
And ſought to ſhun the Danger now drawne nigh,
Not by *Concealement* but by *Victory*.
As valiant Seamen if the Veſſell knocke
Rather *ſayle o're it*, then *avoid* the Rocke.
And thus Reſolv'd, he ſaw on either hand,
The *Cauſes*, and their bold *Abettors* ſtand.
The *Kingdomes Law* is the pretence of each,
Which theſe *by Law preſerve*, theſe by its *breach*,
The *Subjects Liberty* each ſide mainetaines,
Theſe ſay it conſiſts in *freedome*, theſe in *Chaines*,
Theſe love the *decent* Church, but theſe not paſſe
To dreſſe our *Matron* by the *Geneva Glaſſe*?
Theſe ſtill *enſhrine* their God; but theſe adore
Him moſt at ſome *Arauna's Threſhing floore*.

Each part defends their King a ſeverall way,
By true *Subjection* theſe, by *Treaſons* they.
But our Spectator ſoone unmask't the ſin,
And ſaw all *Serpent* through that *ſpecious skin.*
And midſt their beſt Pretext did ſtill deſpaire,
In any dreſſe to ſee their *Moore looke faire.*
And though the *Number* waigh'd ith' *Popular Scale,*
As light things floate ſtill with the *Tyde* and *Gale,*
He with the *ſolid* mixt, and did conclude,
Juſtice makes Parties *great*, not *Multitude.*
And with this conſtant principle poſſeſt,
He did alone expoſe his ſingle breaſt,
Againſt an *Armies* force, and bleeding lay,
The *great Reſtorer o'th' Declining Day.*
Thus ſlaine thy *Valiant Anceſtor* did lye,
When his one barke a *Navy* durſt defie,
When now encompaſſ'd round, he Victor ſtood,
And bath'd his *Pinnace* in his conquering Blood.
Till all his Purple current dry'd and ſpent,
He fell, and left the *Waves* his *Monument,*
Where ſhall next *famous Greenvils* Aſhes ſtand?
Thy Grandſire fills the *Seas*, & Thou the *Land.*

Elegie.
On C. W. H. *ſlaine at* Newarke.

TReaſure of *Armes* and *Arts*, in whom were ſet
The *Sword* & *Books*, the *Campe* & *Colledge* met,
Yet both ſo wove, that in that mingled throng
They *both comply*, and *neither neither* wrong.
But poiſ'd, and temper'd, each reſerv'd its ſeat;
Nor did the Learning *quench*, but guide the *Heate.*
The

The Valour was not of the *furious* ſtraine,
The hand that ſtrucke, did firſt conſult the braine.
Hence grew *Commerce* betwixt *Advice* & *Might*,
The *Scholler* did direct, the *Souldier* fight.
  And as our Perfumes mixt, do all conſpire,
And twiſt their Curles above the hallowed fire,
Till in that Harmony of ſweets combin'd,
We can nor *Muske* nor *ſingle Amber* finde,
But *Gummes* meet *Gummes*, & their delights ſo crowd.
That they create *one undiſtinguiſh't cloud*:
So to thy minde theſe rich ingredients preſt,
And were the *Mould* and *Fabrick* of thy breaſt.
Learning and *Courage* mixt, and temper'd ſo,
The Streame could nor *decay* nor *overflow*.
And in that *equall* Tide, thou didſt not beare
From *Courage*, *Raſhneſſe*, nor from *Learning*, *feare*.
This juſt proporion'd flame more ſcorcht the Foes,
Then theirs that *rages*, but leſſe *burnes* then *glowes*.
This Temper raiſ'd thee ſo, that we muſt call
Newarke the purchaſe of thy conquering Fall.
  When *Victors* dye to reſcue their Renowne,
  Some leave a *Tombe*, but thou haſt left a *Towne*.

Elegie.

On the death of Sir John Smith *Standard-Bearer to his Majeſty*,

AS Loadſtones beckning ſteele on either hand,
Checke and compell its motion to a ſtand,
That while they both entice, and both diſpute,
It knowes not where to fixe its firſt ſalute,
But waves, and renders homage unto both,
Would faine joine here, but to leave that is loath;

So we, amaz'd, by Rayes and luſtre throwne,
From Predeceſſours deeds, and from thine owne,
Diſtract our Wonder, and muſt doubtfull be,
To ſeate it in thy *Anceſtours*, or *Thee*.
First, let our Muſe her wandring verſe command,
To follow him that trac't the Holy-Land:
In ſuch a faire perſuite we can engage
Our Poem, to attempt a *Pilgrimage:*
While we like weary Hermits coming there,
Shall find no *VVonder* 'bove thy *Anceſtour*.
The Tragick Mount, and the Divided ſhrine,
Once fam'd by their owne Glories, now by thine.
The Solemne Tombe, though its Remaines were gon,
May be a Monument from *Carington*,
To whoſe fam'd courage when their Rites decay,
Good Pilgrims *Tributary wonder* pay.
In his ſtout Arme the Conquering Standard ſtood,
Which tooke freſh Crimſon from the Pagans bloud.
Cyprus ſubdu'd did now his Trafficke ſtand,
And was the Purchaſe of the Holy-land.
Then was *Jeruſalem* entail'd to th'Crowne.
As it had beene but ſome *Adjacent* Towne.
That from ſo quicke a victory, we may
Aske in what part of *England Sion* lay.
The Royall Banner dreadfull was become
By *him* abroad, as now by *Thee* at home;
And thou in theſe like Terrours didſt beget,
That doe erect a *nearer* Mahomet.
"Two *Pagan* Nations tremble at your workes,
"The *Turkiſh Saracens*, and the *Engliſh Turkes*,
Next to that *Hero*, we muſt ranke his Fame,
That was to looſe his *Loyalty* or *Name*:

That was compell'd, ſince *here* it could not ſtand,
To ſhip his virtue o're to *another* Land.
Who in his *Names diſguiſe* did ſtill appeare,
Till his diſguiſe became his common weare,
Which ſo deriv'd to thee an equall claime,
Both to his conſtant *Loyalty* and *Name*.
Long could our Poem in thy ſtory ly,
And turne the *Chronicle* to *Elegy*.
Till thoſe that nicely in our mourning looke,
Find we weepe onely *Speed*, or th' *Heralds Booke*.
But theſe weake Annalls of thy Fame afford,
Thou wrot'ſt the *faireſt Story* with thy *Sword*.

Elegie.
On the death of Sr Horatio Vere.
Second Edition.

OUr eyes ſubmit, *Teares* like thy *Captives* bow,
Thy force orecame before, thy *Ruine* now.
Thus great Trees *expiring* cruſh, and create
Fame from their fall, and triumphs from their fate.
The *Courage* was not *Choler* here, the flame
Not from *Complexion*, but from *Virtue* came.
Valour's not borne of *Nature*, but the *VVill*.
They onely conquer, that with *Judgements* kill.
The *fire* ſubdues the *Aire*, yet its proud rayes
Still without *Trophies* winne, ſtill without *Bayes*,
The *mind*, not the *tough* fleſh was his defence,
He loſt the *feare* of VVounds, but not the Sence:
That were t'have been ſome *Engine* & one ſtroake
Had prov'd him a *burſt Javelin*, or *ſword* broke.
His Scarres had then beene *Crackes*, and every blow
Had hurt a VVeapon, *Statutes* conquer ſo.

No ſuch reſiſtance here, the Veines were knowne,
Noble and cleare a *Saphyrs*, but not *Stone*.
Warres were not his Refuge; he did not eate
By th'Sword, & Wounds, and skirmiſh for his *meat*.
He could be *ſtout* in Peace, and the ſame Ray
Threw lightning in the *Feild*, in the Court *Day*.
Eagles are Eagles, though no Foe appeare,
And *Perfumes* though *unchaſt* ſweet incenſe reare.
No Conqueſt made him ſwell, an equall brow
Suſtain'd the *Lawrell* and the *Cypreſſe* bough.
The ſame calme view'd *Retreats* and *Victories*:
A compoſ'd ſence heard *Shout's* and *Elegies*.
Weake ſpirits count their going backe a doome,
And if they but retire, are ſtraight ore-come.
Thoſe Diamonds caſt a faint and drowzy light,
Which 'cauſe they are once *ſullied*, are leſſe bright.
The current ſtopt grew greater here, and he
Who did retire a *Streame*, return'd à *ſea*.
No Avarice made the publick ſhares more thin.
Spoiles were his *Purchaſe* onely, ne're his *Sin*.
No *Rich* foe made him march, no needy Pauze,
He fought not 'gainſt the *booty*, but the *cauſe*,
And having now ſubdu'd the *German* pride,
He ſaw no foe could kill him, and ſo di'd.

Elegie.
On the Death of Maſter R. B. Student of Ch. Ch.

COuldſt thou boaſt onely *yeares*, & 'ſtead of Arts,
Didſt count thy *Age*, & call *Threeſcore* good parts,
Yet we could mourne thee, as plaines ſadly broke,
The Aged ruines of ſome *Reverend* Oake.

But Age requir'd leaſt reverence in you,
And your *white yeares* had *Antient* virtues too.
Let not thy learned Ghoſt imagine we
Receive amends from thy large Legacy.
No more then if our Droppe ſhould poize our ſtreame,
And we looſe *Sun* that we might take a *Beame*.
You give us *Bookes*, but not your braines *quicke light*,
You leave faire *Objects*, but you leave no *ſight*:
O lend theſe *Beauties eyes*, and ſince that you
Authours bequeath, bequeath your *Judgement* too.

Elegie.

On the death of Maſter H. C.

WEre thy perfections leſſe, then might thy ſtay
Have ſeen *Threeſcore*, & thou hadſt gon hence *gray*.
Thy *Ripeneſſe* was too *vigorous* to be ſlow,
And being perfect ſoone, thou could'ſt not grow.
That flame can ne're ſhine fairer, ne're ſpread farre,
Which is at firſt *moſt faire*, at firſt a *ſtarre*.
Thoſe early Fruits provoke their fall, which bring
Ripeneſſe ith' *Bud*, and *Autumne* in the *Spring*.
The life was here exact then, though ſoone done,
The Pattern, *ſhort* indeed, but fairely ſpun.
As ſubtle Pencills draw in ſtreights, and can
Contract their beſt proportions in a ſpan,
And as ith' Globe ſmall *Points* are *Hills*, and Land,
And *ſlender lines* for largeſt *Rivers* ſtand.
Nay though th' whole Frame but a large Ball appeare,
Yet Sages know that the *whole world* is there.
As Clouds of Incenſe 'bove the Altars come,
Yet all thoſe Clouds lay treaſur'd up ith' Gumme.
And maſſy Gold wrackt into Threads and Wire.
Gaines no more *Weight* then when it kept entire.
So was thy life, it might gaine breadth, and riſe,
And purchaſe more *Extent*, but not more priſe.
Good parts in *Youth* and *Manhood* are the ſame,
They're the ſame Picture in a ſmaller frame
But as Beames ſcatter'd with leſſe vigour paſſe,
Then when they *twiſt* their Blazes in a *Glaſſe*,

So virtue gain'd force from this Mirrour, they
Went in *dimme Glaunces*, but were ſent forth Day.
Schooles tutor'd Manners. and he uſ'd Bookes ſo
That they might teach him live, as well as know
Twas not the *Language* onely he would ſee,
Thus *Dawes* are wiſe, and *Parrets* learn'd as *He*.
T'adore the Garbe of ſpeech, had beene t'have ſtaid,
To *looſe* the Sun, while he admir'd the ſhade.
His aime was nobler farre, he knew there ſprung
More worth in *Roman virtue*, then the *Tongue*.
Not like ſome Schollar who his Engine layes,
To let paſſe faire *Example*, and catch *Phraſe*.
Warre-ſtories taught his *Mind*, not his *Tongue* force,
And ſofter lent him *Mildneſſe*, not *Diſcourſe*.
Not proud, though fate did him with Lands endow,
More then his *Virgils Teeme*, or *Poems* Plough.
Heire to more *Herds* of *Goates*, more *flockes* of *ſheepe*,
Then *Tityrus* could, or young *Alexis* keepe.
No future Titles ſwell'd him, in his ſight
The *Worthy Man* ſeem'd *greater*, then the Knight.
True honour he to *merits* chain'd, and found
Deſert the *Title* gives, Kings but the *ſound*.
And now his *Duſt* growes pure, as was his mind;
For good men onely fall to be *Refin'd*.

Epitaph on the ſame.

LEt not this Marble bound th'Inquiſitive Ey,
Here ſleepes his *Duſt*, but not his *memory*.
Stones ate but weake Preſervers, his fall preſt
More laſting Tombes in the Survivers Breaſt.
Our Generall Teares, greifs which no Joyes beguile,
Theſe are his *Marble*, theſe his *funerall* Pile.

Epitaph on --- borne tenne Weekes before his Time, died at three Quarters.

GReiv'd at the *World* & *Crimes*, this early Bloome
Look'd round, and ſigh'd, and ſtole into his *Tombe*,
His fall was like his *Birth*, too quicke, this *Roſe*
Made haſt to *Spread*, and the ſame haſt to *cloſe*:

Here lyes his *Duſt*, but his beſt Tombe's fled hence,
For M*arble* cannot laſt like *Innocence*.

Elegie.
On the death of Maſter VV. Cartwright.

THey that have known thee well, & ſearch thy parts,
Through all the *chaine* of Arts:
Thy Apprehenſion *quicke* as active light,
Cleare *judgement*, without *Night*:
Thy Phanſie *free*, yet never *wilde* or *madde*,
With wings to fly, but none to *Gadde*:
Thy language ſtill in R*ich*, yet *comely* dreſſe,
Not to *expoſe* thy mind, but to *expreſſe*.
They that have knowne thee thus, ſigh, and confeſſe,
They wiſh they'd known thee ſtill, or knowne thee leſſe.
To theſe, the *wealth* and B*eauties* of thy mind,
Be other Virtues join'd.
Thy *modeſt* ſoule, ſtrongly *confirm'd* and *hard*,
Ne're beckned from its *Guard*.
But bravely fixt, midſt all the baites of Praiſe,
Deeming that M*uſicke* Treacherous layes.
Theſe put that R*ate* and P*rice* upon thy Breath,
G*reat* C*harles* enquires thy Health, the Clouds thy death:
For Nobler Trophies can no Aſhes call,
K*ings* greet thy ſafety, *Thunder* ſpeakes thy *Fall*.

AN ELEGIE ON THE MOST REVEREND FATHER IN GOD
WILLIAM, Lord Arch-Biſhop of *Canterbury*,

Attached the 18. of *December*, 1640.
Beheaded the 10. of *January*, 1644.

Moſt Reverend Martyr.

THou, ſince thy thicke Afflictions firſt begun,
Mak'ſt D*iocleſian's* dayes all *Calme*, and *Sun*,

And when thy Tragicke Annals are compil'd,
Old Perſecutions ſhall be *Pitty* ſtil'd,
The *Stake* and *Faggot* ſhall be Temp'rate names,
And *Mercy* weare the Character of *Flames*:
Men knew not then *Thrift* in the Martyrs breath,
Nor weav'd their lives into a foure-yeares Death,
Few ancient *Tyrants* do our ſtories Taxe
That ſlew firſt by *Delayes* then by the *Axe*,
But theſe (*Tiberius* like) alone do cry,
Tis to be Reconcil'd to let thee Dy,
Obſerve we then a while, into what *Maze*,
Compaſſe, and *Circle* they contrive Delaies,
What *Turnes* and wilde *Perplexities* they chuſe,
Ere they can forge their *ſlander*, and *Accuſe*:
The Sun hath now brought his warme Chariot backe,
And rode his Progreſſe round the *Zodiacke*,
When yet no *Crime* appears, when none can tell,
Where thy *guilt* ſleepes, nor when'twill breake the ſhell,
Why is His *ſhame* deferr'd? what is't that bring's
Your *Juſtice* backe, ſpoiles *Vengeance* of her Wings?
Hath *mercy* ſeiz'd you? will you rage no more?
Are *Winds* growne *tame*? have *ſeas* forgot to *roare*?
No, a wilde fierceneſſe hath your minds poſſeſt,
Which *time* and *ſins* muſt *cheriſh* and *digeſt*:
You durſt not now let *His* cleare Blood be ſpilt,
You were not yet growne up to ſuch a guilt,
You try if *Age* if *ſeaventy yeares* can Kill;
Then y'have your *Ends*, and you are *Harmeleſſe* ſtill,
But when this fail'd, you do your Paths enlarge,
But would not yet *whole* Innocence diſcharge;
You'l not be *Divill All*, you faine would prove
Good at a *faire Diſtance*, within ſome *Remove*,
"Virtue hath ſweets which are good *Mens* due gaine,
"VVhich Vice would not Deſerve, yet would Retaine
This was the Cauſe, why once it was your Care.
That *Stormes* and *Tempeſts* in your *ſin* might ſhare,
You did engage the *Waves*, and ſtrongly ſtood
To make the *Water* guilty of his *Blood*.

Boats are diſpatcht in haſt, and 'tis his doome,
Not to his *Charge*, but to his *ſhipwracke* come;
Fond men, your cruell Project cannot doe,
Tempeſts and *ſtormes* muſt learne to kill from *you*,
When this came ſhort; He muſt *walke Pilgrimage*,
No *Coach* nor *mule*, that may ſuſteine his Age;
Muſt trace the *City* (now a *Deſert rude)*
And combate ſalvage *Beaſts* the *multitude*.
But when his *Guardian Innocence* can fling
Awe round about, and ſave him by that *King*.
When the *Juſt cauſe* can fright the *Beaſts* away,
And make the *Tyger* tremble at her *prey*.
When neither *Waves* dare ſeize him nor the *Rout*,
The ſtorme *with* Reaſon, nor the ſtorme *without*:
Loſt in theſe ſtreights when *Plots* have Vanquiſht bin,
And *ſin* perplext hath no *Releife*, but *ſin*.
Agents and *Inſtruments* now on you fall,
You muſt be *Judges*, *People*, *Waves* and *All*,
Yet 'cauſe the *Rout* have't perform'd by *you*,
And long to ſee *done* what they dare not *Doe*.
You put the *Crime* to *uſe*, it ſwels your *Heape*,
Your *ſin*'s your *Wealth*, nor are you *Guilty cheap*;
You *Huſband* All; there's no *Appearance* loſt,
Nor comes he once to th'*Barre* bur at their *coſt*;
A *conſtant* *Rate* well *Taxt*, and *Levied* right,
And a *Juſt value* ſet upon each *ſight*.
At laſt they finde the *Dayes* by their owne *purſe*,
Leſſe knowne from *him* then what they doe *disburſe*:
But when it now ſtrikes high for him t'*appeare*,
And *Chapmen* ſee the *Bargaine* is growne *deare*,
They *Muſter hands*, and their hot ſuits enlarge,
Not to peſrue the *Man*, but ſave the *Charge*.
Then leſt you looſe their *Cuſtome*, (a juſt feare)
Selling your *ſinnes* and others *Blood* too deare.
You grant their ſuits, the Manner, and the Time.
And he muſt Dye for what no *Law* calls *crime*.
Th'*Afflicted Martyrs*, when their paines began,
Their *Trajan* had, or *Diocleſian*.

Their *Tortures* weare ſome *Colours* and proceed,
Though from no *guilt*, yet 'cauſe they *diſagreed:*
What League, what *Freindſhip* there? They could not joyne,
And fix the *Arke* and *Dagon* in one *Shrine.*
Faith, combats *Faith*; and how agree can they,
That ſtill goe on, but ſtill a ſeverall way?
Zeale, *Martyrs Zeale*, and *Heate* 'gainſt *Heate* conſpires,
As *Theban Brothers* fight though in their *fires*.
Yet as two diff'rent S*tarres* unite their B*eames*,
And R*ivers* mingle *Waves* and mix their S*treames*,
And though they challenge each a ſeverall *Name*,
Conſpire becauſe their *moiſture* is the *ſame*.
So P*arties* knit, though they be *diverſe* knowne,
The *men* are *many*, but the C*hriſtian*, *one*.
Trajan, no *Trajan* was to his owne *Heard*,
And *Tygers* are not by the *Tygers* fear'd.
What ſtrange exceſſe then? what's that *menſtruous* Power,
VVhen *flames flames*, and *ſtreames* do *ſtreames* devour?
VVhere the *ſame faith* 'gainſt the *ſame faith* doth knocke
And *ſheep* are *wolves* to *ſheepe* of the ſame *flocke*?
VVhere P*roteſtant* the P*roteſtant* defies,
VVhere *both Aſſent*, yet *one* for D*iſſent dyes*?
Let theſe that doubt this, through his Actions *wade*,
VVhere ſome muſt needs C*onvince*, All may *perſwade*.
 VVas he *Apoſtate*, who your C*hampion* ſtood,
Bath'd in his *Inke* before, as now in B*lood*?
He that unwindes the *ſubtle Jeſuite*,
That Feels the S*erpents Teeth*, and is not *bit*?
Unites the S*nake*, finds each M*yſterious knot*,
And turnes the P*oyſon* into *Antidot*.
Doth *Nicety* with *Nicety* undoe?
And makes the L*abyrinth* the L*abyrinth's* clew?
That *ſleight* by *ſleight* ſubdues, and clearely proves,
Truth hath her S*erpents* too, as well as D*oves*?
Now, you that blaſt his *Innocence*, Survey,
And veiw the *Triumphs* of this G*lorious day*;
Could you (if that might be) if you ſhould come
To ſeale God's cauſe with your owne Martyrdome,

(Could all the Blood whoſe tydes move in your veines,
Which then perhaps were *Blood*, but now it ſtaines)
(Yeeld it that *Force* and *Strength*, which it hath took
Should we except his *Bloud*) from *this* his Booke,
Your *Flame* or *Axe* would leſſe evince to Men,
Your *blocke* and *ſtake* would prop leſſe then his *Pen*;
Is he *Apoſtate*, whom the *Baites* of *Rome*
Cannot ſeduce, though all her *Glories* come?
Whom all her ſpecious *Honours* cannot hold,
Who hates the ſnare although the *Hooke* be Gold?
Who *Proſtituted Titles* can deſpiſe,
And from *deſpiſed Titles, greater Riſe*?
Whom *Names* cannot *Amuſe*, but ſeates withall
The *Proteſtant* above the *Cardinall*?
Who *ſure* to his owne ſoule, doth ſcorne to finde
A *Crimſon cap* the *Purchaſe* of his *minde*?
"VVho *is* not Great, may blame his Fate's Offence,
' VVho would not be, is Great in's Conſcience.
Next theſe His *Sweat* and *Care* how to advance
The *Church* but to Her *Juſt Inheritance*,
How to gaine backe her *Owne*, yet *none Beguile*,
And make her *wealth* her *purchaſe*, nor her *ſpoile*:
Then, ſhape Gods worſhip to a *joynt conſent*;
'Till when the ſeameleſſe Coate muſt ſtill be *Rent*:
Then, to repaire the *ſhrines*, as *Breaches* ſprung,
VVhich we ſhould *heare*, could we lend *Pauls* a *Tongue*;
Speake, Speake! great Monument! while thou yet art *ſuch*,
And Reare him 'bove their *Scandalls* and their *Touch*;
Had he ſurviv'd, thou mighſt in Time Declare,
Vaſt things may *comely* be, and *Greateſt Faire*.
And though thy *Limbs ſpread high* and Bulke *execed*,
Thou'dſt prov'd that *Gyants* are no *monſtrous breed*:
Then 'bove *Extent* thy *Luſtre* would prevaile,
And 'gainſt *Dimenſion Feature* turne the Scale;
But now, like *Pyrrah's halfe adopted Birth*.
VVhere th'iſſue part was *woman*, Part was *Earth*,
VVhere *Female* ſome, and ſome to *ſtone* was Bent,
And the *one halfe* was t'others *Monument*,

Thou muſt *imperfect* lye, and learne to Groane,
Now for his *Ruine*, ſtraightway for *thine owne*;
But *this* and *Thouſand* ſuch *Abortives* are;
By *Bloody* Rebels Raviſh't from his care,
But yet though ſome miſcarried in the *wombe*,
And *Deeds Still-borne* have haſtned to their Tombe,
God (that Rewards him now) forbad his ſtore,
Should all ly hid, and he but give ith'*Ore*.
Many are *Stamp't*, and *ſhap't*, and do ſtill ſhine,
Approv'd at *Mint*, a firme, and *Perfect Coyne*.
Witneſſe that *Mart* of *Bookes* that yonder ſtands.
Beſtow'd by him, though by *anothers* Hands:
Thoſe *Attick Manuſcripts*, ſo *rare a* Peice,
They tell the *Turke*, he hath not Conquer'd *Greece*,
   Next theſe, a ſecond *Beauteous Heape* is throwne,
Of *Eaſterne Authors*, which were *all his owne*.
Who in ſo *Various Languages* appeare,
Babel, could ſcarce be their *Interpreter*.
   To *Theſe* we may that *Faire-built Colledge* bring,
Which proves that Learning's no ſuch *Ruſtick* thing;
Whoſe *ſtructure* well contriv'd doth not relate
To *Antick fineneſſe*, but *ſtrong laſting ſtate*:
Beauty well mixt with *ſtrength*, that it complyes
Moſt with the *Gazer's* uſe, much with his *Eyes*,
On *Marble Columnes* thus the *Arts* have ſtood,
As wiſe *Seth's Pillars* ſav'd 'em in the *Flood*.
But did he leave here *Walls*, and only Owne
A glorious *Heape*, and make us rich in *Stone*?
Then had our *Chanc'lour* ſeem'd to faile, and here
Much honour due to the *Artificer*:
But *this* Our *Prudent Patron* long fore-ſaw,
When he Refin'd *rude Statutes* into *Law*;
Our *Arts* and *Manners* to his *Building* falls,
And he erects the *Men*, as well as *Walls*:
"Thus *Solons Lawes* his *Athens* did Renowne,
"And turn'd that *throng of Buildings* to a *Towne*.
Yet neither *Law* nor *Statute*, can be knowne
So *ſtrickt*, as to *Himſelfe*, he made his *owne*,

Which in his Actions *Inventory* lies,
Which *Hell* or *Prinne* can never ſcandalize:
Where every Act his rigid eye ſurveyes,
And *Night* is *Barre* and *Judge* to all his Dayes;
Where all his ſecret Thoughts he doth comprize,
And every *Dream* is ſummon'd to an *Aſſize*;
Where he *Arraigns* each *Circumſtance* of care,
Which never parts diſmiſs'd without a *Prayer*,
See! how he *ſifts* and *ſearches* every part,
And ranſacks all the cloſets of his heart;
He puts the houres upon the *Rack* and *Wheele*,
And all his *minutes* muſt *confeſſe* or *feele*:
If they reveal one Act which forth did come
When *Humane frailty* crept into the *Loome*,
If one Thread ſtain, or ſully, break, or faint,
So that the *man* does interrupt the *Saint*,
He hunts it to its *Death*, nor quits his feares,
Till't be *Embalm'd* in *Prayers*, or *drown'd* in *Teares*.
The *Sunne* in all his journeys ne're did ſee
One more *devout*, nor one more *ſtrict* then He.
Since his *Religion* then's *Unmixt* and *Fine*,
And *Works* doe *warrant* faith, as o're the Mine:
What can his *crime* be now? Now you muſt lay
The *Kingdome Lawes ſubverted* in his way:
See! no ſuch crime doth ore his *Conſcience* grow,
(Without which *Witneſſe* ne're can make it ſo)
A clear Tranſparent *White*, bedecks his mind,
Where nought but *Innocence* can ſhelter find,
Witneſſe that *Breath* which did your *ſtain* and *blot*
Wipe freely out, (though *Heaven* I fear will *not*)
Witneſſe that *Calme* and *Quiet* in His *Breaſt*
Prologue and *Preface* to his *Place* of *Reſt*;
When with the *World* He could undaunted part,
And ſee in *Death* nor *meagre Looks*, nor *Dart*:
When to the *Fatall Block* His *Gray Age* goes
With the ſame *Eaſe*, as when he took *Repoſe*.
"He like old *Enoch* to His Bliſſe is gone,
"'Tis not his Death, but His Tranſlation.

Elegi

Elegie.
On the death of Miſtris Chaworth.

VVHen thy Diſeaſe ſeem'd *vanquiſht* and *blown o're*,
Freſh Tempeſts ſeiz'd thee in the ſight of *ſhore*:
And while our Treaſure near the *Haven* ſtood,
It was ſurprized by *a Sea of bloud*.
The Veſſell thus, though freed from th' boiſtrous gale,
May ſinke ith'ſtreame, which gave it pow'r to ſaile.
Now in thy *Shipwrack* w' are depriv'd of all,
But thy *faire ſtory* and thy *lingring fall*.
Then having ſuffer'd more then we could feare,
Like men grown *Poore*, count we how *Rich* we were.
Thy *Shape* was ſuch, it Natures care did ask,
When ſhe reſolv'd to put her *Art* to *task*;
With *Rule* and *Line* in hand, ſhe did beget
Thy frame, the *curious wonder* of her *ſweat*.
When ſhe, if one rude *Atome* durſt creep in,
Unravell'd all, and *weav'd* thee o're agen:
Till every Limbe ſhe nicely did digeſt,
Proportion'd in *it ſelf*, then *to the reſt*.
That *parts* with *parts* compar'd they might confeſſe,
The *ſtrict* piece knew no want, nor no exceſſe.
Twas not a frame compos'd to ſhift, and lurke,
Ith' *Crowd* and *Huddle* of her common work.
A thing allow'd upon her *careleſſe* ſcore,
Something to *paſſe* for *Woman*, and no more.
Nor yet a fading Piece of *ſeven yeares Red*,
And then the Roſe muſt be *retir'd* and *dead*.
Such *empty* wares are Natures ſport, and ſcoffe,
To *catch our eyes*, and to be ſoon *ſold off*.
Natures *Sale-Beauties*, which ſhe oft ſets forth,
More for her *Trade* and *Cuſtome*, then *their worth*.
But this ſo ſubtly wrought, that it might ſuit
Leſſe with the Makers *Gain* then her *Repute*.
A *ſtanding piece to fame*, where every part,
Was caſt by *Precept* and *ſevereſt Art*.

Not that a *Lyppe*, or an *Eye* ſparkes abound,
But *one juſt feature* might embrace it round.
In all his *Statues Phidias* carv'd ſome grace,
But in *Minerva's* every part was *face*.
But outward Luſtre leaves us yet ith' dark,
We paſſe by *Sappe*, while we adore the *Bark*.
For having known thy ſoule, w' have judged ſince,
The *Court* was *Rich*, but *meaner* then the *Prince*.
Witneſſe thy *Judgements* clear diſcerning ſight,
Nor did thy *Sexe* draw Curtaines 'twixt the Light,
But all as through deep *Maſculine* ſearch did paſſe,
And to be *Woman* did not dimme the Glaſſe.
Eagles with Eagles thus to th' Sun do fly,
Yet none knowes *Male* from *Female* by their Eye.
Next, thy *chaſt love* to be expreſt alone
By thy dear *husband*, and by him in's *Groane*.
A loſſe ſo wail'd he only may comprize,
Who drew the *Vaile* before the *mourners eyes*.
But beyond all, that which doth chiefly prove
Thy *Glory* here, and is thy *Crown* above,
Was thy devouteſt zeale, which did prepare,
Perfumed Clouds to waft thee to thy Prayer.
That *conſtant* heat did ſo alone conttoule,
It buſied all the motions of thy ſoule;
No thought could travail *Undiſclaim'd* and ev'n,
Unleſſe diſpatcht *Embaſſadour to heaven*.
Eyes fixt above, but yet no glave might part,
But for its *guide* and *convoy* took the *Heart*.
Exalted hands ſtill waving, and poſſeſs't,
To take *down* bleſſings, or lift up Requeſts;
And knees ſo frequent with the Pavement meet,
Thou hadſt almoſt unlearnt the uſe of feet.
And like the pious Man with zeal oft try'd,
Thy tender *skin* had *kneel'd* it ſelf to *hide*.
Now, as Heaven's *ſtreights* were to thy ſelf un-barr'd,
So couldſt thou ſteere our *voyage* by thy *Card*.
And midſt all Tempeſts, knowing where to land,
Couldſt teach us how to ſhun the *Rocks* and *Sand*.

Hence thy *diſcerning* Husband ſtill doth ſay,
He wants his *Pilot*, though he knowes his *way*.
When thou doſt limme her then, *Apelles*, paint
Beſt Woman, *Wife*, and the *Devouteſt Saint*.

Epitaph.
On Miſtris R.

Hurt by her Husband's *Sword*, but not his *will*,
Undone by that which did defend her ſtill.
Unhappy fate this envious way had found
To take the *Steel* from *him*, from *chance* the *wound*.
Death had deſignes on *both*; *Her* hence ſhe beares
In *ſtreames* of *bloud*, and *him* in *Streames* of *Teares*.
And thoſe deſignes ſucceed in this ſad troth,
Though one *ſurvive*, yet ſhe hath *ſlain* 'em *both*.

Divine Poems.

Caroll, Sung to His Majeſty on Chriſtmas Day, 1644.

H*arke! harke! the* Spheares *inticing notes*,
The Orbes *are ſtrung again*.
Intelligences *tune the skie*;
And make their Iourney Harmonie.
The Cherubims *exalt their throats*,
And all their Muſick ſtrain:
The Angels *cluſter*,
Their Voices muſter:
And in their Severall Orders *crowd*,
Amaz'd to ſee
The Deitie
Diſguis'd *and* mask'd *in a fraile ſhroud*.

The Sea *into a* droppe *is thrown*,
And channell'd in a Span.
Eternity *is par'd away*.
Confin'd *and* thruſt *into a* Day.
To Infinite *a* Shore *is known*,
It limits hath in Man,

He that firſt brings
Time *to his* Sithe *and* Wings:
Subſcribes to both and hath made haſt
To ſhift him cleane,
And change the Scene,
To know Begun, to Come, *and* Paſt.

No fond Imaginary *Birth,*
No ſly Phantaſtick ſhow,
No Aiery ſhape, *no empty* Beames,
Like Marcion's *frantick Dreames.*
A ſerious *Iſſue viſits earth,*
Where Veines *and* ſinewes *grow,*
True *fleſh is bred,*
Nerves, bones, oth' ſame thread,
A Reall *Peice, that we may ſee,*
Since all Parts *come,*
From the ſame loome,
Salvation *is not* Pageantry.

See? him a Giddy Rout *hath found,*
And by his Cradle *paſt,*
The Oxe *and* Aſſe *his* family.
His Train, *and his* Retinue *be*:
And this deſcri'd, they now have bound
Him to his Manger *faſt*:
They fixe and chain
Him to his Inne *again.*
His Altars ſinke, *his* Temples ly,
They trimme and preſſe
in the ſame Dreſſe,
His Worſhip *and* Nativity.
Aſſiſt, aſſiſt his *Reſcue* then,
'Gainſt *Sacrilegious* men,
And may thoſe dayes which have in Clouds been ſpent,
Clear up, and boaſt both *his* and *your aſcent.*

Caroll, Sung to his Majeſty on Chriſtmas day, 1645.

G*Reat* Copie *of this* Solemn Day,
Which you tranſcribe afreſh,

And make afflictions *your* array,
As God *made his of* fleſh.
God *humbled* beſt by *afflicted Kings* is ſhown,
Becauſe *their height* is neareſt *to his own.*
Though in his Traine *the* Oxe *appeare,*
And to his Court *intrude,*
It was no breach *of* Reverence *there,*
" *What's* Nature *is not* Rude.
This Act the *Oxe* with Innocence befell,
" They cannot ſinne, who know not to do well.

But ſome into your Pallace *gat,*
And rear'd a threatning head,
Some, whom your Paſtures *have made* fat,
And your own Cribbe *hath fed.*
The *wanton* Beaſts which to this temper riſe,
Are *ripe* and *fit* to fall a *Sacrifice.*

The Beaſts which to his cradle *came,*
There at his manger *ſtood,*
Not to build triumphs *on his ſhame,*
But to receive *their* food.
But here the *Herd* now ſurfeited doth ſtand,
And being *full,* learnes to *deſpiſe* the hand.

But as the Treaſure *in the* Mine,
Is treaſure *ſtill though* trodde,
So in this Cloud *our Sun* you *ſhine,*
" *And* God *in* fleſh *was* God.
For God *and* Kings *are ſtill beyond us plac't*
And higheſt *ſtill though ne're ſo* low *debas't.*

Caroll. Sung to His Majeſty on New-yeares day, being the Circumciſion. 1643.

MOſes chaire *had long obtain'd*
And his Rites *were now grown old,*
Yet thoſe Lawes *that Reverence gain'd,*
Onely did Poor Mortals *hold:*
But Judea *now may ſee*
A circumciſed Deitie.

The tender God *at eight dayes ſpace,*
Was ripened to endure our ſtrife,
And did the Bloudy *Prieſt embrace.*
Invaded by his cruell Knife,
No wonder then your Throne *diſquiet ſtood,*
“ *The* King *of* Kings *began his* Reigne *in* bloud.

But as liquid fountaines ſtraine,
Their ſlippery Juice through narrow ſtreights,
Yet if they larger *Channels gain.*
The Stream encreaſes *with the* Gates.
So was this *danger to a* greater *loſſe,*
The Dew Drops here, *were* Deluge on the Croſſe.

Though he ith' Crimſon Bath *did ſtand*
A gentle Calme his mind poſſeſt,
No Tragick Circumciſers *hand*
Diſturb'd the Silence *of his* Breaſt.
So may your Quiet *with your* Yeares *encreaſe,*
“ *The* Bleeding Prince was ſtill the Prince of Peace.

Then as Yeares *do* Yeares *ſucceed,*
And Dayes *to other* Dayes *give place,*
So may bleſſings bleſſings *breed;*
And as they paſſe new Ioyes *embrace,*
Flouriſh your Yeares *and* Crown, *till chang'd you ſee*
Your Crown *for* Glory, Yeares *for* Eternity.

Caroll. Sung to His Majeſty on Twelf day being the Epiphany. 1644.

Firſt Magus.
W*Hat bright and unaccuſtomed ſhine*;
Hath ſeiz'd our wonder *and our* eyes,
No Sage *can ſhew, no* Art *divine,*
This Starres *acquaintance with the Skies.*
“The earth is bleſt with great and rich Events,
“ When Heaven proclaimes,& Stars are Inſtruments.

Second Magus.
The throng of leſſer Lights ſubmit,
And with the Night their Reigne is done,
But this doth in his Chariot *ſit,*

And uncontroul'd doth ſace the Sun,
“ And fit it is God by that Starre be known,
“ Which knowes no Light nor Luſtre 'bove its own

Third Magus.
See ! ſee ! the Starre with's beamy eye,
Doth wink and becken us away.
And while his Active glories fly,
He bids us travail by his Ray.
“ Then follow we, and journey by his ſide,
“ They cannot erre whom Heaven & Stars do guide

Firſt Magus.
The blaze is fixt, and all his ſtreames
Of moving Luſtre ſetled be,
He waves his Tributary *beames,*
Ore one more bright, *more Starre then He.*
“ Thus Pho*ſphorus* doth early dawne forerun,
“ And payes his *Shine* his homage to the Sun.

Second Magus.
B*ehold a* greater *King then* we,
From whoſe Devotion comes
A ſweeter Cloud *then rais'd can be,*
From all our Spice *and* Gummes.
“ We yield (*Great Sir*) you have out-ſtript our care,
“ The fragrant Eaſt hath no Perfume like Prayer.

Caroll, Sung to his Majeſty on Twelf day being the Epiphany, 1644.

F*Rom Arabia's fragrant wombe,*
where the Phœnix *built her Tombe,*
When imbalm'd *in* S*pice ſhe lies,*
A*nd is both* Prieſt *and* Sacrifice :
The learned Magi *journey one to ſee,*
More Phœnix *and more wonder farre then* ſhe.
With greedy Eyes the Starre *is view'd,*
Not for effects *or* altitude.
When for ſuch Aimes our ſight's allow'd,
We ſee a Starre, *but graſpe a Cloud.*

“ Aſtronomy and her Adorers bleſt,
“ VVhen one Starre guides to him that made the reſt.
Through Woods and Dennes their way they took,
“ Zeal can danger quite ore-look.
And to like progreſſe are you bound,
Cauſe youl'd not part with what they found.
Onely this difference from your Journey ſprings,
You meet with many Herods, *but no* Kings.

But as both Flowers *and* Thornes *may tend,*
And guide to the ſame journeys end,
So your return ſtands as it ſtood,
Moſt firm and ſure, though't be through bloud.
“ The wiſe Kings whom the Tyrant forc't to ſtray,
“ Came home at laſt, although another way.

After his Recovery from a Feaver.

NOt the parcht *Æthiop*, nor they
Under th' *Ecliptick* the warm Suns *high-way*,
Felt *flames* like mine;
Till thou in *health* as in a *Cloud*,
Didſt all thoſe *blazes* ſhrowd,
And ſo forbid the *ſhine*.

Lord had the Feavers burning fire
Chac't out my ſoule, and made my life *expire*,
I might have gone,
Laden with *unrepented* ſins,
VVhere the fire ſtill begins,
And ſhall be never done.

There no cold *Julip* can relieve
Soules whom *eternall* Feavers alwayes grieve,
No dolefull Song,
Perſwades the finger to the *Poole*,
To dippe, and lend one droppe to coole
The *Feaver* in their *Tongue*.

But thou threw'ſt *heat* into *my veines*,
Not to *conſume* the *Bloud*, but purge the *Staines*,

I I feel

I feel no loſſe ;
Lord, be this ſtill thy way of cure,
To keep the *Mettle* ſure,
And onely burne the Droſſe.

God's *Love* and *Power.*

Song.

I *Felt my heart and found a* Chillneſſe *coole,*
It's azure channels *in my* frozen *ſide,*
The Spring *was now become a* ſtanding Poole,
Depriv'd of motion *and its* Active Tyde.
O ſtay! O ſtay!
Thus I ſhall ever freeze, if baniſht *from thy* Ray.
A laſting *warmth thy ſecret Beames beget*
Thou art a Sun which can nor riſe nor ſet.

Then thaw *this* Ice, *and make my* froſt *retreat,*
But let with temperate Rays *thy Luſtre ſhine* ;
Thy Iudgements Lightning, *but thy* Love *is* heat.
This will conſume *my* heart, *but this* Refine,
Inſpire, Inſpire,
And melt my frozen ſoule with thy more equall fire,
So ſhall a Penſive deluge *drown my feares,*
My Ice *turn* water, *and that* water Teares.

After thy Love *if I continue hard,*
If Vices knit *and more* confirm'd *are grown,*
If guilt rebell, *and ſtand upon his Guard,*
And what was Ice *before freeze into* Stone,
Reprove, Reprove,
And let thy Pow'r *aſſiſt thee to revenge thy* Love,
For thou haſt ſtill thy threats *and* thunder *left* ;
" The Rock that can't be melted, may be cleft.

FINIS.